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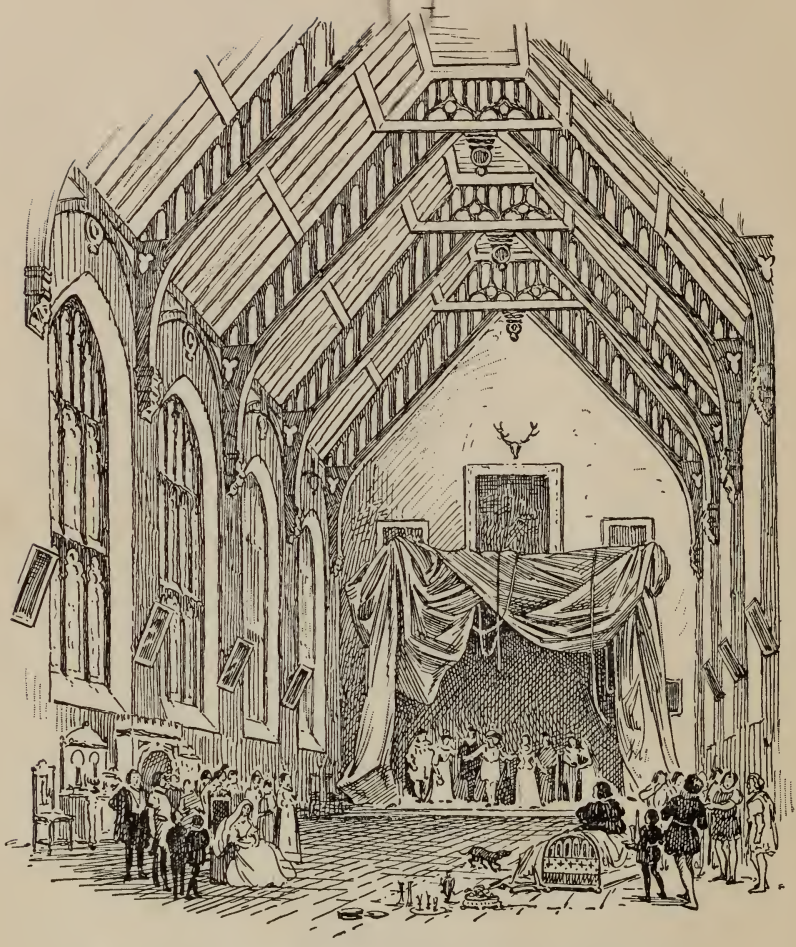

ITINERANT PLAYERS IN A COUNTRY HALL

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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taming of shrew.

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PREFACE

THIS play, which I first edited in 1881, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as its predecessors in the new series.

It is one of the most interesting of the plays from the fact that it is not wholly Shakespeare's, and that we have the earlier comedy — itself, in all probability, the work of two hands — from which he took the main incidents of the plot, as well as some minor details of the action and occasionally the very phraseology. In the Notes I have quoted more of this old play than any other editor has given (except Halliwell-Phillipps, who reprints the whole of it in his great folio edition), in order that the reader may see just how Shakespeare has made use of it.

The extracts from *The Taming of a Shrew* are copied "verbatim et literatim et punctatim" from the reprint published by the Shakespeare Society in 1844. I have preferred not to modernize the spelling and pointing (as most of the editors, so far as they give passages from it, have done), because the original is a curious specimen of the printing of the period. The compositor, like Quince in his prologue, did not "stand upon points," and consequently the text is often "like a tan-

gled chain, nothing impaired, but all disordered." The reader will no doubt find some amusement in disentangling it.

Some critics have said that proofreading was unknown in Elizabethan times, but we find positive evidence in books of the period that such work was often done either by the author or the printer. For instance, at the end of Beeton's *Will of Wit* (1599), we find this note: "What faults are escaped in the printing, finde by discretion, and excuse the author, by other worke that let [hindered] him from attendance to the presse." The only two books, so far as we know, ever published by Shakespeare himself were the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*. These have dedications of his own, and the care with which they were printed indicates that he supervised their passage through the press. The 1609 edition of the *Sonnets*, on the other hand, was very poorly printed, and many of the errors afford indisputable evidence that there was no "attendance to the presse" on the part of the author, while at the same time we sometimes find equally clear proof of blundering attempts at correction by the piratical publisher. The variations in different copies of the first folio edition of the plays (1623) indicate that occasional corrections were made while the sheets were being printed; but the tens of thousands of worse errors that disfigure the volume show that it had no proofreading worthy of the name. *The Taming of a Shrew* could have had none at all.

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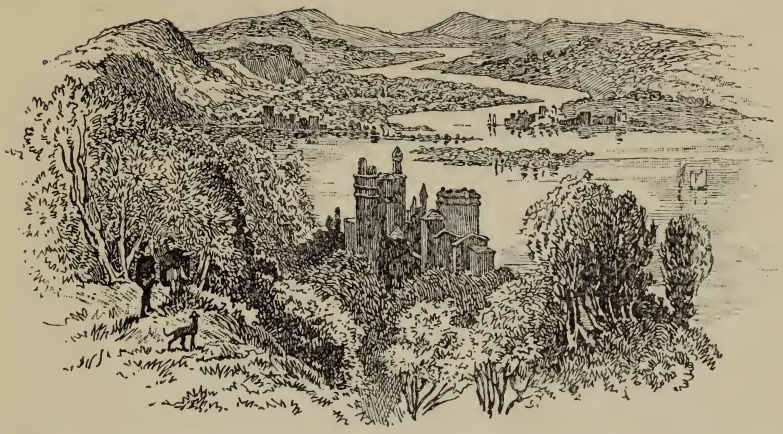


"The Pleasant Garden of Great Italy"

INTRODUCTION TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The History of the Play

The Taming of the Shrew was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623, and the critics differ widely as to its date, some making it as early as 1594, others as late as 1603. The internal evidence seems on the whole to favour putting it not later than 1597, and possibly a year or two earlier. The play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; but this may be, as has been suggested, because he "affects a pedantic parallelism of numbers" and gives only six comedies to balance his six "tragedies," as he calls them, or because the play is Shakespeare's only in part. Several excellent critics believe that the *Love's Labour's Won* in Meres's list is *The Taming of*

the Shrew, and this theory, though not without its difficulties, seems to me as plausible as any that has been suggested.[1]

The Taming of the Shrew is evidently an adaptation of an earlier play published anonymously in 1594 under the title of *A Pleasant Conceited Historie*, called *The Taming of a Shrew*, which had been "sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants." Fleay believes that this old play was written by Marlowe and Shakespeare in conjunction in 1589, but the critics generally agree that the latter had no hand in it. They also agree that somebody beside Shakespeare had a hand in the revision of the play. The most plausible theory, on the whole, is that of Furnivall and Dowden, who believe that *The Taming of the Shrew* is Shakespeare's adaptation, not of the original *Taming of a Shrew*, but of an enlarged version of that play made by some unknown writer. As Furnivall puts it, "an adapter, who used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakspere put into the recast the scenes in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio appear." Dowden remarks: "In *The Taming of the Shrew* we may distinguish three parts: (1) the humorous Induction, in which Sly, the drunken tinker, is the chief person; (2) a comedy of character, the Shrew and her tamer Petruchio being the hero and

[1] For the best presentation of this view that I have seen, and for a thorough discussion of the other theories concerning *Love's Labour's Won*, see Professor A. H. Tolman's essay on the subject in the *Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago*, 1st series, vol. vii., reprinted in his *Views about Hamlet and Other Essays* (Boston, 1904).

heroine; (3) a comedy of intrigue — the story of Bianca and her rival lovers. Now the old play of '*A* Shrew' contains, in a rude form, the scenes of the Induction, and the chief scenes in which Petruchio and Katherina (named by the original writer Ferando and Kate) appear; but nothing in this old play corresponds with the intrigues of Bianca's disguised lovers. It is, however, in the scenes connected with these intrigues that Shakspere's hand is least apparent. It may be said that Shakspere's genius goes in and out with the person of Katherina. We would therefore conjecturally assign the intrigue-comedy — which is founded upon Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi* — to the adapter of the old play, reserving for Shakspere a title to those scenes — in the main enlarged from the play of '*A* Shrew' — in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio are speakers."

Grant White also recognizes three hands in the play as it stands: "The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Katherina and Petruchio and Grumio are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play."

This last point seems to me an important one; and it seems to explain the difficulty that some of the critics have had in deciding just how much Shakespeare had to do with certain parts of the present play. He *rewrote* considerable portions of the earlier one and *retouched* the rest. Just when he did it is uncertain, and why he did it we can only conjecture. There are evidences in the play that the work was done in haste (as the notes will show), and this may have been due to some theatrical emergency. The task of recasting the old play may have been assigned to somebody who could not finish it in time or had to give it up for some reason, and Shakespeare may have taken his place at short notice when he had other plays in hand — as he certainly had in 1597 or thereabouts. He therefore retained as much of the old play as did not absolutely demand revision and limited himself to serious work only on the rest.

The Sources of the Plot

The sources of the plot appear to be limited to the old play and Gascoigne's *Supposes*, already mentioned. The latter was "englished" from Ariosto in 1566. The story of the Induction has been traced as far back as the *Thousand and One Nights;* and Mr. Lane conjectures that it is founded on fact. It has been repeated in various languages and at various times. The old ballad of *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, in Percy's *Reliques* may be mentioned as an illustration.

The Katherina and Petruchio part of the plot has not been traced beyond the old play of 1594; but somewhat similar stories of wife-taming had appeared earlier in English, Spanish, and Italian. A humorous tale in verse, entitled *A Merry Ieste of a Shrewd and Curste Wyfe, Lapped in Morrelles Skin, for Her Good Behauyor*, was printed in London, without date, but probably as early as 1560. It became very popular. Laneham, in his famous *Letter from Kenilworth* (1575), refers to it as one of the stories which Captain Cox had "at his fingers' ends."

The comic parts of the old play have considerable merit, but the serious or sentimental portions are generally poor, sometimes very poor. Shakespeare helped himself freely to the former where they suited his purpose, but the latter he used scarcely at all. For instance, in iv. 3 and iv. 5 he followed the old play quite closely; and so, too, in the final scene until we come to Kate's long speech (136–179), where he gives us something all his own and in keeping with the character, instead of the pedantic homily on the creation of the world and of man, with which the earlier Kate is absurdly made to address her sisters.

General Comments on the Play

Shakespeare's treatment of the Katherine and Petruchio part of the plot — the only portion in which he appeared to have become heartily interested — is worthy of special study. He has bettered the characterization

of the old play, not only by making the personages consistent with themselves, but also by lifting them to a higher plane of humanity.

Ferando decides to marry Kate because her father has promised him six thousand crowns if he will do it. Kate, at the very first interview with her rough wooer, says aside : —

> " But yet I will consent and marrie him,
> For I methinks have lived too long a maide,
> And match him to [too] or else his manhoods good."

The taming process is in the same vein as in the story of the wife lapped in Morel's skin, though not carried to the same extreme of brutality. (See the outline of that poem in the Appendix.)

It is passing strange that so many critics have failed to see that Shakespeare's Kate is not the vulgar vixen that the earlier playwright makes her. Henry Giles, for example, says in his *Human Life in Shakespeare* : —

" Katharine is the shrew proper ; she is not sportive, she is only sulky ; not sarcastic, but scurrilous ; the shrew of blood and not of brain ; the shrew of will and not of fancy ; of will without reason ; obstinate without purpose ; whimsical without playfulness ; quarrelsome without aim — that mixture of fool and fighter which makes the perfect she-tormentor ; a talking termagant. She has no sport in herself ; she serves only to make sport for others, and this merely in a play ; elsewhere she could simply be a misery ; only in a play was such a

tigress ever tamed; only in a play, I trust, such an incarnate virulence ever had existence."

Schlegel speaks of Katherine as "a young and untamed girl, possessed of none of the attractions of her sex;" and yet Hortensio tells us, early in the play, that she is "young and beauteous, brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman."

Petruchio too has suffered at the hands of certain critics who make him coarse, brutal, and sordid, thinking only of money in the match, and taming the wife whom he does not love as he would break a vicious horse.

All this is most superficial and most unjust; and Shakespeare has carefully guarded against giving us any such idea of the Shrew and her conqueror. While he has retained most of the incidents and the action of the old play, he has re-created the actors. The coarse and vulgar vixen becomes a true woman, who owes her shrewishness to her bringing-up, and is capable of being "tamed" and reformed by the man who understands her and loves her; and Petruchio, though he prefers a fortune with his wife, and is frank in saying so, after the manner of the time, is no coarse and blustering tyrant, like Ferando in the old play, but good-natured with all his rough whimsicality, and heartily enamoured of the wilful girl whom he courts and carries off in such unconventional fashion.

We must not suppose that Kate is merely bullied into marrying Petruchio, or that the "taming" is accomplished by sheer persistence in the homœopathic treatment which

the husband adopts. The attempt to "cure like with like" would not have been so promptly successful if the lady had not been a half-willing "patient" from the very first. She wants to be married, as she frankly admits in her talk with Bianca; and the desire is not based on her dislike to see her sister get a husband first, though that feeling has its influence in her matrimonial aspirations. Like Beatrice, whom she resembles in many ways, though inferior to that spirited and witty lady, she has a loving nature beneath her sarcastic and shrewish outside, and will make a good wife for the man who can win her heart. At the same time, she knows that her chances are not so good as her sister's; as her father also sees, and therefore refuses to let Bianca be married until Kate is off his hands. Under these circumstances it is natural that she should take a liking to Petruchio at the outset, in spite of — perhaps we should say, on account of — his bluff, free-and-easy wooing. She sees that he is a genuine man, and in some respects a kindred spirit. She cannot help recognizing his superiority to the rival suitors for her sister's hand. She resents his advances at first as too confident and presumptuous; but she is not insensible to his praises of her beauty. When he says it is reported that she limps, and asks her to let him see her walk, she instinctively desires to show him that she does not limp, and obeys him before it occurs to her to refuse. It is a most significant little touch, and Petruchio sees at once that his suit is half won already.

When her father comes in, she affects to hold off from

the match, but it is only for the moment, and the formal betrothal is promptly consummated in the Italian fashion. She and Petruchio join hands, with her father's approval, and Gremio and Tranio are the witnesses to the ceremony.

It is important that the formal character of this betrothal should be noted, as showing that Kate here accepts Petruchio as her future husband. The contract could not afterward be abrogated without the consent of both the parties. If Kate seriously intended to resist or decline the match, this was the time to do it, or ever after to hold her peace. It may be said that she yields to her father's authority, but this is not the case. In the preceding scene he has discouraged the suit of Petruchio rather than urged it on. When asked if he has not a daughter "called Katherina, fair and virtuous," he replies, "I have a daughter called Katherina," and in the next speech he says: —

> "You're welcome, sir; . . .
> But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
> She is not for your turn, the more my grief;"

and later, when the arrangements concerning the dowry are being made, and Petruchio proposes to draw up the legal papers, Baptista says: —

> "Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
> That is, her love; for that is all in all."

Much as he desires to have Kate married, he assumes that her love, or at least her consent, must first be gained.

It is clear, then, that Kate is betrothed not against her will, though she says nothing at the time. We are to imagine her as taking Petruchio's hand in a sulky sort of way, and accepting him thus by act rather than word. If she had not accepted him, we should not have the prompt acknowledgment of her father and the witnesses that the ceremony was complete and valid.

The passage is a good illustration of the necessity in certain cases of reading between the lines of the text — for the reader, I mean, as distinguished from the spectator in the theatre, where the actor of course fills the gap, or should do so. Here we have only three lines of text, but there is very important action between the first two. Petruchio has told Baptista to send out the wedding invitations, and the latter says, "I know not what to say; but give your hands." If the joining of hands had not followed at once, with no marked hesitancy on Kate's part, he would not have added, "God send you joy, Petruchio; 't is a match!" nor would Gremio and Tranio exclaim, "Amen, say we; we will be witnesses;" nor would Petruchio say, as he does, "*Father* and *wife*, and gentlemen, adieu!" and start off for Venice to buy the bridal finery. As he goes out, he adds, "And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday." If she had not kissed him, we may be sure that Petruchio would have waited until she did. She must be supposed to yield this point, though very likely in the same silent and ungracious way in which she has submitted to the formalities of the betrothal. The company evidently consider

that all has been done in due form, as appears from their comments upon it after Petruchio and Kate have gone out.

The poet shows his knowledge of human nature, or woman nature, in representing the change that takes place in Katherine during Petruchio's absence. While he is away, she has time to think the whole matter over, and a genuine affection for the man to whom she was betrothed in this hurried and free-and-easy manner begins to be developed in her heart. She comes to look forward to the marriage with something more than sullen acquiescence; there is hopefulness, if not joyous confidence, in the anticipation. And when he fails to appear at the appointed time, and her friends attempt to excuse his delay, she only sighs, "Would Katherine had never seen him, though!" She bursts into tears, not into the explosion of impatient temper that her father evidently expects. She feels, and has expressed, her feminine mortification at what people will *say;* but with that, and deeper than that, is the feeling of disappointed affection. No doubt Petruchio meant this trial of her dawning regard for him to be the first step in his "taming" discipline, and it was a very shrewd one.

This "taming" process, all through, is marked by a certain refinement, in spite of its outward coarseness; and it demands as much delicacy and discretion on the part of the actor as is necessary for the actress who personates the Shrew. As generally rendered on the stage, it is simply brutal, and appeals only to the most degraded

taste. The play becomes a rude vulgar farce like that on which Shakespeare founded it, but which he took so much pains to elevate and refine.

Petruchio's purpose throughout is to show Katherine an exaggerated reflex of herself, and to make her feel how unreasonable and unworthy such a character is; but he does it in a thoroughly good-natured way. He shares all the discomforts that it brings upon her, and makes it all appear to be done out of love for her. As she herself says to Grumio, "He does it under name of perfect love;" and he, in the soliloquy after he has cheated her out of her supper on the night of their arrival at his house, says: —

> "Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
> That all is done in reverend care of her."

Of course, this makes the moral lesson the more impressive and effective. If he subjected her to all this privation and disappointment and mortification with obvious malice, she could perhaps nerve herself to fight against it; but when it is ostensibly done out of pure kindness to her, what can she say? Must she not accept the lesson, that ungovernable temper and unreasonable impatience and overbearing wilfulness, whatever may be the motive that inspires or excites them, can only react disastrously upon the person who gives way to them. They can only tend to make him miserable, as well as everybody about him. Katherine is compelled to say to herself: "This is what *I* am coming to, if I go on as I

have begun : let me endeavour to reform myself first, and then my husband, for we are a couple of wretched fools."

It is interesting to note that one of the first indications of her better temper is a consideration for others rather than herself. When Grumio is telling of their ride home, he says, "how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me" — which was wonderfully kind under the circumstances ; and later, when Petruchio berates the servant for spilling the water, she says : "Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling ;" and when the meat has been thrown at the heads of those who had brought it, she excuses the much-abused cook by telling her husband that the meat was well if he "were so contented." There is nothing of all this in the old play.

It is not to be wondered at that now and then the old shrewishness reasserts itself, especially when Petruchio meddles with her millinery and dress-making. That would try the patience of a female saint, and we cannot expect Kate, who is very far from being a saint, to endure it tamely. It is remarkable, however, that she bears it as well as she does. Is there a woman among my readers who would not have scolded worse under similar provocation? Imagine how the Kate of maiden days would have raved, if Bianca or anybody else had presumed to dictate the size of her cap or the cut of her gown !

In the scene where Petruchio insists that the sun is the moon, it is clear that she sees his purpose and treats it as a joke. She is not going to quarrel about it, and lose

the visit to her father; so she says, with a touch of good-humoured sarcasm: —

> "Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
> And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
> An if you please to call it a rush candle,
> Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me."

Petruchio then declares that it *is* the moon, and she replies, "I know it is the moon." "Nay, then you lie," says Petruchio, "it is the blessed sun."

> "Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun; —
> But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
> And the moon changes, even as your mind.
> What you will have it nam'd even that it is,
> And so it shall be so for Katherine."

The sportiveness of this is palpable enough, and it shows that the work of "taming" the lady is complete. The two understand each other perfectly, and can afford to laugh over the little game by which the result has been reached. But in the old play this scene is treated with all seriousness, and the Shrew soberly calls the sun the moon, just as she has yielded other disputed points to her arbitrary mate. Shakespeare knew better than to compel Kate to contradict the evidence of her own senses, except in a sort of merry irony.

The encounter with old Vincentio, and treating him as a young woman, is in the same playful vein; and this should be suggested in acting or reading the scene. I have somewhere read that a certain actress, in giving the speech beginning

"Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes
That have been so bedazzled by the sun,"

uttered the word *sun* in a roguishly hesitating way, with a sly look at Petruchio, as if to ask whether she should call it *sun* or *moon*. Such little touches really elucidate and illuminate the poet's meaning, and show what might be made of the comedy if it were rendered aright, instead of being degraded, obscured, and caricatured, as it generally is on the stage.[1]

The last scene, where Katherine wins the wager for her husband by her prompt and unquestioning obedience, must be interpreted in the light of what has preceded; and when Lucentio and Hortensio express their surprise, and wonder what this "bodes," note Petruchio's reply: —

"Marry, *peace* it bodes, and *love*, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, *what not that's sweet and happy?*"

The peace and love, and all that is sweet and happy, are put first and last, and the obedience is mentioned only in a secondary and subordinate way, as if to suggest that it was based upon the *love*, and not upon masculine *lordship*.

When Kate pulls off her cap and treads it under foot, it is because she understands her husband's purpose, — as in the case of the sun and the moon. When she is

[1] Mr. Daly's rendering of it, though a marked improvement on the usual misrepresentation, seemed to me far from a reproduction of Shakespeare's hero and heroine.

sent out to fetch the other wives, she is bright enough to suspect that some trial of their conjugal obedience is going on, and she at once enters into it with hearty enjoyment. In the long speech that follows, in which Shakespeare has avoided all the absurdity of the corresponding part of the old play, there is little that should offend our modern taste. *Obedience* is not made the whole duty of the wife, nor is too much stress laid upon the husband's *authority*. The tribute due him is said to be, "*Love*, fair looks, and true obedience" — "too little payment for the debt" she owes to his loving care and labour for her comfort and welfare. If the husband is represented as *sovereign*, he is also *servant;* and the sovereignty is based upon the affectionate and devoted service, not upon the supposed superiority of sex.

It should be said here that Shakespeare's part of this scene probably ends with the line, "That seeming to be most which we indeed least are." The rhyme and the Alexandrine indicate that he meant to have the scene end there; but the manager of the theatre, or whoever finished up the play for the stage, added the bit from the old comedy about placing the wife's hands below the husband's foot. The earlier dramatist adds the stage direction: "She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete." Shakespeare would never have carried the thing out in that literal way, even if he had retained the words as a figurative expression.

There is no "special pleading" in what I have said of Shakespeare's modification of the spirit and tone of the

earlier play; for nothing of the sort is necessary. All the changes he has made are in this direction, and I have referred to only a few as illustrations. To quote and comment upon all would take too much space.

Bianca, as Cowden-Clarke says, is "a mincing pretender to sweetness, artful and artificial from first to last." She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by playing the foil to her violent sister, who is really the more lovable woman; as we see in the end, when Bianca as bride throws off her amiable disguise, and sneers at Kate for obeying Petruchio — "Fie! what a foolish duty call you this!" — and at her own husband for risking his money on her conjugal submissiveness — "The more fool you for laying on my duty!" He *was* a fool for doing it, but he had not then found her out — as, to his sorrow, he doubtless did afterwards. Instead of being the artless creature she seems at first, she proves herself an accomplished coquette, with a hearty love for intrigue. Petruchio certainly made the better match in taking the elder sister, with all her youthful faults, which were but superficial and easily curable, instead of this shallow little hypocrite, who was much more of a shrew in reality. Hortensio was lucky in losing her. As Furnivall says, "He is a straightforward fellow about love, and cannot stand her flirting."

Baptista is a genuine Italian character, though not of the best type. He is selfish in his manœuvres for marrying off his daughters, as he has been weak in his paternal management of them. Kate owed her bad ways, as I

have said before, to her bad bringing-up more than to any inherent tendencies to shrewishness. If her father had understood her as well as her husband did, and had made any intelligent effort to correct her girlish faults, no sensible wooer would have hesitated a moment in making love to her instead of her mealy-mouthed, mincing sister.

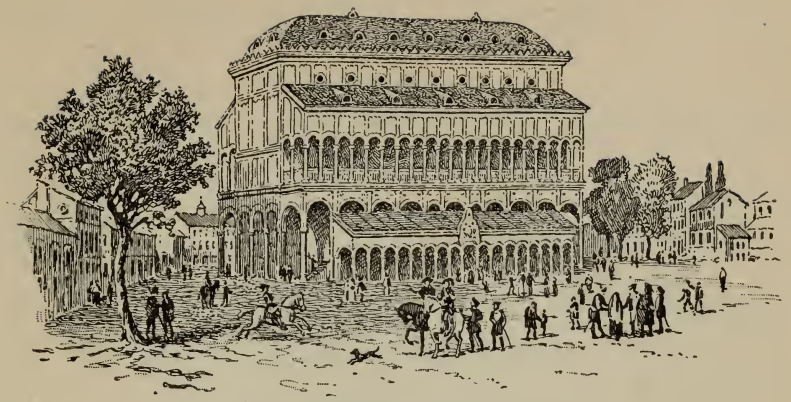
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } Persons in the Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } suitors to Bianca.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } servants to Petruchio.
A Pedant.
KATHERINA, the shrew, BIANCA, } daughters to Baptista.
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country-house.*



TOWN-HOUSE OF PADUA

INDUCTION

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath*

Enter Hostess *and* SLY

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue !

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide. Sessa !

Hostess. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy; go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Hostess. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law. I 'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with his train*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds —
Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd —
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunter.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunter.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunter.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! —
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
1 *Hunter.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
2 *Hunter.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunter.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes. —

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds. —

[*Exit Servingman.*

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. —

Re-enter Servingman

How now! who is it?

Servingman. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near. —

Enter Players

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. — This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son. —
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well;
I have forgot your name, but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true. — Thou didst it excellent. —
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour —
For yet his honour never heard a play —
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him, for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords. —
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady;
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife

May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar;
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. —
[*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House*

Enter aloft SLY, *with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances; and* Lord

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Servant.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Servant.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Servant.* What raiment will your honour wear today?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught; here 's —

Servant. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

2 *Servant.* O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground;
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark; or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Servant.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Servant.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Servant.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord;
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Servant.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 *Servant.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Servant.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Servant.* Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page *as a lady, with* Attendants

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much. — Servants, leave me and her alone. —
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. I would be loath to fall into my dreams again;
I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't — Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*Flourish.*

ACT I

Scene I. *Padua. A Public Place*

Enter Lucentio *and his man* Tranio

Lucentio. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,

A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. Me perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Lucentio. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile; what company is this?

Tranio. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand by*

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio. [*Aside*] To cart her rather; she 's too rough for me. —
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Katherina. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hortensio. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Katherina. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hortensio. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gremio. And me too, good Lord!
Tranio. Hush, master! here 's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Lucentio. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tranio. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Baptista. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Katherina. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, — an she knew why.
Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.
Lucentio. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.
Hortensio. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gremio. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Baptista. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd. — Go in, Bianca. — [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or, Signior Gremio, you, — know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up :
And so farewell. — Katherina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Katherina. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gremio. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you.— Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out ; our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hortensio. So will I, Signior Gremio ; but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, — that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, — to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gremio. What 's that, I pray?

Hortensio. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister. 121

Gremio. A husband ! a devil.

Hortensio. I say, a husband.

Gremio. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hortensio. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. 131

Gremio. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hortensio. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. — Sweet Bianca ! Happy man be his dole ! He that runs fastest gets the ring. — How say you, Signior Gremio? 142

Gremio. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her ! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tranio. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Lucentio. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'
Lucentio. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents.
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.
Tranio. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.
Lucentio. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tranio. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Lucentio. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tranio. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance. —
I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Lucentio. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tranio. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.
Lucentio. I have it, Tranio.
Tranio. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Lucentio. Tell me thine first.
Tranio. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid;
That 's your device.
Lucentio. It is; may it be done?
Tranio. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Lucentio. Basta! content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should;
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tranio. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient, —
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense, —
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Lucentio. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue. —

Enter BIONDELLO

Sirrah, where have you been?

Biondello. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Lucentio. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Biondello. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Lucentio. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Biondello. The better for him; would I were so too!

Tranio. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Lucentio. Tranio, let 's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The Presenters above speak

1 *Servant.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 't were done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II. *Padua. Before Hortensio's House*

Enter Petruchio *and his man* Grumio

Petruchio. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house. —
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Grumio. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome. — I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petruchio. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Grumio. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Petruchio. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain !

Enter HORTENSIO

Hortensio. How now ! what 's the matter? — My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio ! — How do you all at Verona?

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? 'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

Hortensio. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.' —
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Grumio. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Petruchio. A senseless villain ! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grumio. Knock at the gate ! O heavens ! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?'

Petruchio. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hortensio. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.

Why, this', a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Petruchio. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hortensio. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel.
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich; but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grumio. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hortensio. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petruchio. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name and 't is enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hortensio. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petruchio. I know her father, though I know not her;

And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Grumio. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so. Why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hortensio. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katherina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

Grumio. Katherine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hortensio. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Grumio. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! —

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised*

Master, master, look about you; who goes there, ha?

Hortensio. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love. —
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gremio. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir, I 'll have them very fairly bound;
All books of love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me; over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too, —
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Lucentio. What e'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Grumio. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Petruchio. Peace, sirrah!

Hortensio. Grumio, mum! — God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gremio. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hortensio. 'T is well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gremio. Belov'd of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio. [*Aside*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hortensio. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gremio. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Petruchio. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gremio. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Petruchio. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gremio. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't, i' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Petruchio. Will I live?

Grumio. [*Aside*] Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Petruchio. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.
Grumio. [*Aside*] For he fears none.
Gremio. Hortensio, hark;
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hortensio. I promis'd we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gremio. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Grumio. [*Aside*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO *brave, and* BIONDELLO

Tranio. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Biondello. He that has the two fair daughters? is 't he you mean?
Tranio. Even he, Biondello.
Gremio. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to —
Tranio. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have you to do?
Petruchio. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tranio. I love no chiders, sir. — Biondello, let 's away.

Lucentio. [*Aside*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hortensio. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tranio. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tranio. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gremio. But so is not she.

Tranio. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gremio. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hortensio. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tranio. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gremio. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Lucentio. Sir, give him head; I know he 'll prove a jade.

Petruchio. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hortensio. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tranio. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Petruchio. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gremio. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Petruchio. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free and not before.
Tranio. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
An if you break the ice and do this seek —
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access — whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
Hortensio. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And, since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law, —
Strive mightly, but eat and drink as friends.

Grumio. Biondello. O excellent motion! Fellows,
let 's be gone.

Hortensio. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so;
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

LADIES OF PADUA

ACT II

SCENE I. *Padua. A Room in Baptista's House*

Enter KATHERINA *and* BIANCA

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain. But for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Katherina. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best; see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Katherina. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bianca. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I 'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.
Katherina. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more!
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bianca. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Katherina. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA

Baptista. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? —
Bianca, stand aside. — Poor girl! she weeps. —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. —
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Katherina. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after Bianca.*
Baptista. What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*

Katherina. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Baptista. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books*

Gremio. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Baptista. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. — God save you, gentlemen!

Petruchio. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Baptista. I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

Gremio. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Petruchio. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave. —
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Baptista. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Petruchio. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Baptista. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Petruchio. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Baptista. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gremio. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Petruchio. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gremio. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. —
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.

To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Baptista. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. — Welcome, good Cambio. — [*To Tranio*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger; may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tranio. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest;
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Baptista. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tranio. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Baptista. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. —

Take you the lute, — and you the set of books; —
You shall go see your pupils presently. —
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well. —

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Petruchio. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Baptista. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Petruchio. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Baptista. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Petruchio. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Baptista. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Petruchio. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broke*

Baptista. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hortensio. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Baptista. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hortensio. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Baptista. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hortensio. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she, 'I 'll fume with them;'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way.

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.
Petruchio. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did!
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Baptista. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. —
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Petruchio. I pray you do. — [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak. —

Enter KATHERINA

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Katherina. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

Petruchio. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katherina. Mov'd! in good time! let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first

You were a movable.

Petruchio. Why, what 's a movable?

Katherina. A join'd-stool.

Petruchio. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Katherina. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katherina. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Petruchio. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light —

Katherina. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Petruchio. Should be! should — buzz!
Katharina. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Petruchio. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Katherina. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Katherina. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Petruchio. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Katherina. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Petruchio. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Katherina. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Petruchio. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Katherina. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Petruchio. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Katherina. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Petruchio. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Katherina. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Petruchio. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Katherina. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Petruchio. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Katherina. There is, there is.

Petruchio. Then show it me.

Katherina. Had I a glass, I would.

Petruchio. What, you mean my face?

Katherina. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Petruchio. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Katherina. Yet you are wither'd.

Petruchio. 'T is with cares.

Katherina. I care not.

Petruchio. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you scape not so.

Katherina. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Petruchio. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt.

Katherina. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Petruchio. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Katherina. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petruchio. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Katherina. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Petruchio. Am I not wise?

Katherina. Yes; keep you warm.

Petruchio. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed;
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO

Baptista. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Petruchio. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Baptista. Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your dumps?

Katherina. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Petruchio. Father, 't is thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And, to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Katherina. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gremio. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tranio. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Petruchio. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. —
Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. —
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Baptista. I know not what to say; but give me your hands. —
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.

Gremio. Tranio. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Petruchio. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu!
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings and things and fine array; —
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina severally.*

Gremio. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Baptista. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tranio. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Baptista. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
Gremio. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for.
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tranio. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.
Gremio. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tranio. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gremio. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.
Tranio. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Baptista. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife.
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love. —
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gremio. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tranio. That 'only' came well in. — Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all.
That she shall have, besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles road. —
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tranio. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliases,
And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gremio. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tranio. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.
Baptista. I must confess your offer is the best,
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?
Tranio. That 's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gremio. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Baptista. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married;
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio.
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit Baptista.*
Gremio. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tranio. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'T is in my head to do my master good.
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder. Fathers commonly
Do get their children, but in this case of wooing
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

"I HEAR THE MINSTRELS PLAY"

ACT III

SCENE I. *Padua. Baptista's House*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA

Lucentio. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal?

Hortensio. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.

Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Lucentio. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hortensio. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bianca. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hortensio. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Lucentio. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bianca. Where left we last?

Lucentio. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bianca. Construe them.

Lucentio. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa, 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love; 'Hic

steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, ' Priami,' is my man Tranio, ' regia,' bearing my port, ' celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hortensio. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bianca. Let 's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

Lucentio. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bianca. Now let me see if I can construe it: ' Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, ' hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not; ' Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not, ' regia,' presume not, ' celsa senis,' despair not.

Hortensio. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Lucentio. All but the base.

Hortensio. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars. —

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love !
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bianca. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lucentio. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bianca. I must believe my master, else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;
But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you. —
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hortensio. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Lucentio. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hortensio. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bianca. Why, I am pass'd my gamut long ago.

Hortensio. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bianca. [Reads]

' *Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection ;
D sol re, one clef, two notes have I ;
E la mi, show pity, or I die.' —

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not.
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant

Servant. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;
You know to-morrow is the wedding day.

Bianca. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

Lucentio. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hortensio. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.
Methinks he looks as though he were in love;
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Padua. Before Baptista's House*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and* Others, *attendants*

Baptista. [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Katherina. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!' 20

Tranio. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Katherina. Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Baptista. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO

Biondello. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of! 31

Baptista. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Biondello. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Baptista. Is he come?

Biondello. Why, no, sir.

Baptista. What then?

Biondello. He is coming.

Baptista. When will he be here?

Biondello. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Tranio. But say, what to thine old news?

Biondello. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Baptista. Who comes with him?

Biondello. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty

fancies pricked in 't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tranio. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Baptista. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Biondello. Why, sir, he comes not.

Baptista. Didst thou not say he comes?

Biondello. Who? that Petruchio came?

Baptista. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Biondello. No, sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Baptista. Why, that 's all one.

Biondello. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO

Petruchio. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Baptista. You are welcome, sir.

Petruchio. And yet I come not well.

Baptista. And yet you halt not.

Tranio. Not so well apparell'd As I wish you were.

Petruchio. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown; —
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Baptista. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tranio. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petruchio. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress,
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tranio. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Petruchio. Not I, believe me; thus I 'll visit her.

Baptista. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petruchio. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words.
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes;
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio*

Tranio. He hath some meaning in his mad attire;
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Baptista. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tranio. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Lucentio. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tranio. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We 'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. —

Enter Gremio

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gremio. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tranio. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gremio. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tranio. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gremio. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tranio. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gremio. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he, and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tranio. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gremio. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine. 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm, quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo;
And I seeing this came thence for very shame,
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and train*

Petruchio. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you think to dine with me to-day
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Baptista. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Petruchio. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay. —
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tranio. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Petruchio. It may not be.

Gremio. Let me entreat you.

Petruchio. It cannot be.

Katherina. Let me entreat you.

Petruchio. I am content.

Katherina. Are you content to stay?

Petruchio. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Katherina. Now, if you love me, stay.

Petruchio. Grumio, my horse.

Grumio. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Katherina. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way.
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself.
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petruchio. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Katherina. I will be angry, what hast thou to do? —
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gremio. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Katherina. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petruchio. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. —
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. —
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own. —
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare!
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. —
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina, and Grumio.*

Baptista. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gremio. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tranio. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Lucentio. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?

Bianca. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gremio. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Baptista. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast. —
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tranio. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Baptista. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

A Public Road

ACT IV

Scene I. *Petruchio's Country-house*

Enter Grumio

Grumio. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue

to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. — Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS

Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grumio. A piece of ice; if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curtis. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grumio. O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curtis. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Grumio. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curtis. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Grumio. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curtis. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Grumio. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but

thine; and therefore fire! Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curtis. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Grumio. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curtis. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Grumio. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curtis. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Grumio. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curtis. How?

Grumio. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curtis. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Grumio. Lend thine ear.

Curtis. Here.

Grumio. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curtis. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grumio. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came

down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, —

Curtis. Both of one horse?

Grumio. What 's that to thee?

Curtis. Why, a horse.

Grumio. Tell thou the tale; but hast thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curtis. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grumio. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curtis. They are.

Grumio. Call them forth.

Curtis. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Grumio. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curtis. Who knows not that?

Grumio. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curtis. I call them forth to credit her.

Grumio. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servants

Nathaniel. Welcome home, Grumio!

Philip. How now, Grumio!

Joseph. What, Grumio!

Nicholas. Fellow Grumio!

Nathaniel. How now, old lad!

Grumio. Welcome, you! — how now, you! — what, you! — fellow, you! — and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nathaniel. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio *and* Katherina

Petruchio. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Servants. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Petruchio. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grumio. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Petruchio. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Petruchio. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

[Singing] *Where is the life that late I led*—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!—

Re-enter Servants *with supper*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?—

[Sings] *It was the friar of orders grey,*
As he forth walked on his way;—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry!
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. —
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. — Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither; —
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water? —

Enter one with water

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. —
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Katherina. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.
Petruchio. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! —
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? —
What 's this? mutton?
First Servant. Ay.
Petruchio. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Petruchio. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.

Katherina. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Petruchio. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants *severally*

Nathaniel. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis

Grumio. Where is he?

Curtis. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio

Petruchio. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I 'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's House*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO

Tranio. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hortensio. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO

Lucentio. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bianca. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Lucentio. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bianca. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Lucentio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

Hortensio. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tranio. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hortensio. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tranio. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And, since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hortensio. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tranio. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hortensio. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

Tranio. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bianca. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tranio. Mistress, we have.

Lucentio. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tranio. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bianca. God give him joy!
Tranio. Ay, and he 'll tame her.
Bianca. He says so, Tranio?
Tranio. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bianca. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tranio. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO

Biondello. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.
Tranio. What is he, Biondello?
Biondello. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Lucentio. And what of him, Tranio?
Tranio. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant

Pedant. God save you, sir!

Tranio. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Pedant. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tranio. What countryman, I pray?
Pedant. Of Mantua.
Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tranio. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'T is marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Pedant. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.
Tranio. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Pedant. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
Tranio. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Pedant. I know him not, but I have heard of him,
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tranio. He is my father, sir, and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Biondello [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tranio. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir; so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Pedant. O, sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tranio. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you;
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt*

Scene III. *A Room in Petruchio's House*

Enter Katherina *and* Grumio

Grumio. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Katherina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed;
And, that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?

Katherina. 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Grumio. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Katherina. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Katherina. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Katherina. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grumio. Nay, then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Katherina. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Katherina. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat!
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* HORTENSIO *with meat*

Petruchio. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hortensio. Mistress, what cheer?

Katherina. Faith, as cold as can be.

Petruchio. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof. —
Here, take away this dish.

Katherina. I pray you, let it stand.

Petruchio. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Katherina. I thank you, sir.

Hortensio. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame. —
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.

Petruchio. [*Aside*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. —

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace. — And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. —

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown. —

Enter Haberdasher

What news with you, sir?

Haberdasher. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Katherina. I 'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hortensio. [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.

Katherina. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Petruchio. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Katherina. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [*Exit Haberdasher.*
Petruchio. Thy gown? why, ay. — Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hortensio. [*Aside*] I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Petruchio. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I 'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Katherina. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Petruchio. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Petruchio. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tailor. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grumio. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tailor. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tailor. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grumio. Thou hast faced many things;—

Tailor. I have.

Grumio. Face not me. Thou has braved many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest.

Tailor. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Petruchio. Read it.

Grumio. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tailor. [Reads] '*Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:* —'

Grumio. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread; I said a gown.

Petruchio. Proceed.

Tailor. [Reads] '*With a small compassed cape;* —'

Grumio. I confess the cape.

Tailor. [Reads] '*With a trunk sleeve;* —'

Grumio. I confess two sleeves.

Tailor. [Reads] '*The sleeves curiously cut.*'

Petruchio. Ay, there 's the villany.

Grumio. Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tailor. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Grumio. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hortensio. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Petruchio. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Grumio. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Petruchio. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grumio. Villain, not for thy life; take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Petruchio. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Grumio. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Petruchio. [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. —

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hortensio. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*

Petruchio. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house. —

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot —
Let 's see ; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Katherina. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two ;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.
Petruchio. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let 't alone.
I will not go to-day ; and, ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hortensio. [*Aside*] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Padua. Before Baptista's House*

Enter Tranio, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* Vincentio

Tranio. Sir, this is the house ; please it you that I call ?
Pedant. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tranio. 'T is well ; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.
Pedant. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello

But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'T were good he were school'd.
Tranio. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Biondello. Tut, fear not me.

Tranio. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Biondello. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tranio. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink. —
Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir. —

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio

Signior Baptista, you are happily met. —
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Pedant. Soft, son! —
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself;
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd,

For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Baptista. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections,
And therefore, if you say no more than this
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done;
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tranio. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?
Baptista. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And happily we might be interrupted.
Tranio. Then at my lodging, an it like you;
There doth my father lie, and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Baptista. It likes me well. — Biondello, hie you home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened, —
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Biondello. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tranio. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. —
[*Exit Biondello.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Baptista. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Biondello. Cambio!

Lucentio. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Biondello. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Lucentio. Biondello, what of that?

Biondello. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio. I pray thee, moralize them.

Biondello. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Lucentio. And what of him?

Biondello. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Lucentio. And then?

Biondello. The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio. And what of all this?

Biondello. I cannot tell, — expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.' To the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Lucentio. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Biondello. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Lucentio. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Scene V. *A Public Road*

Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Hortensio, *and* Servants

Petruchio. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Katherina. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Petruchio. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Katherina. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Petruchio. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house. —
Go on, and fetch our horses back again. —
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hortensio. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Katherina. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Petruchio. I say it is the moon.
Katherina. I know it is the moon.
Petruchio. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.
Katherina. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.
Hortensio. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Petruchio. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! What company is coming here? —

Enter VINCENTIO

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress; where away? —

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. —
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hortensio. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Katherina. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Petruchio. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Katherina. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Petruchio. Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Petruchio. What is his name?

Vincentio. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Petruchio. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth,
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

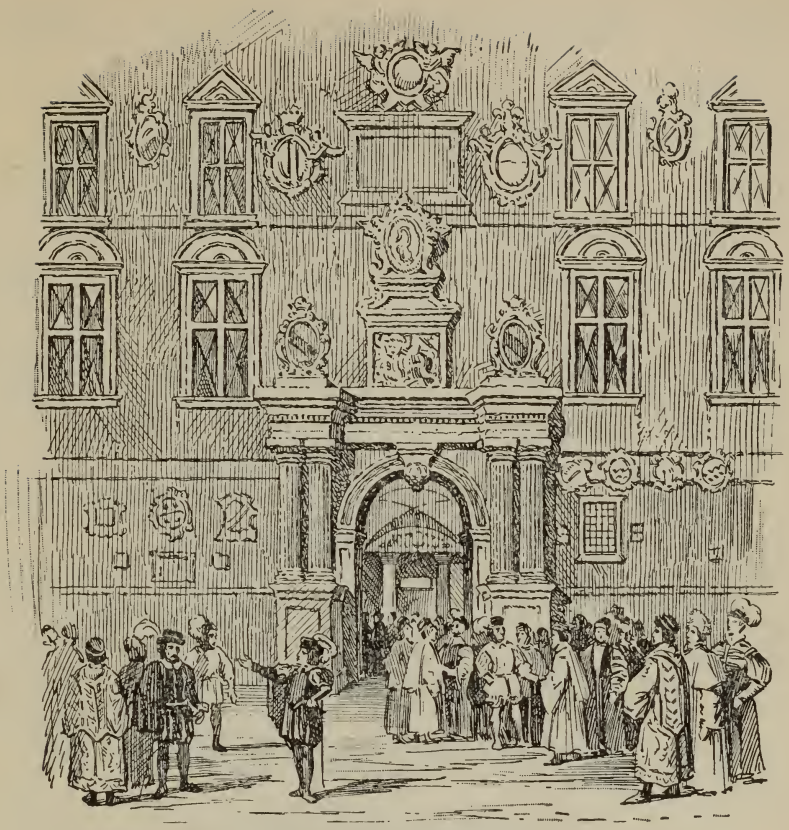
Vincentio. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hortensio. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Petruchio. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hortensio. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*



GYMNASIUM, PADUA

ACT V

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's House*

GREMIO *discovered.* *Enter behind* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA

Biondello. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Lucentio. I fly, Biondello, but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Biondello. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gremio. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Vincentio, Grumio, *with* Attendants

Petruchio. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house. My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vincentio. You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gremio. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant *looks out of the window*

Pedant. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vincentio. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vincentio. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Pedant. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Petruchio. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. — Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Pedant. Thou liest; his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vincentio. Art thou his father?

Pedant. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pedant. Lay hands on the villain; I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Biondello. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vincentio. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Biondello. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vincentio. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Biondello. Forgot you! no, sir; I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vincentio. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Biondello. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vincentio. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Biondello. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murther me. [*Exit.*

Pedant. Help, son! — help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from above.*

Petruchio. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant *below;* TRANIO, BAPTISTA, *and* Servants.

Tranio. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vincentio. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! — O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tranio. How now! what 's the matter?

Baptista. What, is the man lunatic?

Tranio. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vincentio. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Baptista. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vincentio. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Pedant. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vincentio. Lucentio! O, he hath murthered his master! — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. — O, my son, my son! — Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tranio. Call forth an officer. —

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. — Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vincentio. Carry me to the gaol!

Gremio. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Baptista. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

Gremio. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Pedant. Swear, if thou darest.

Gremio. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tranio. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gremio. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Baptista. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vincentio. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA

Biondello. O! we are spoiled and — yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Lucentio. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vincentio. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bianca. Pardon, dear father.

Baptista. How hast thou offended? — Where is Lucentio?

Lucentio. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gremio. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vincentio. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Baptista. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bianca. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Lucentio. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vincentio. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Baptista. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vincentio. Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Baptista. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Lucentio. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gremio. My cake is dough; but I 'll in among the rest, Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Katherina. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Petruchio. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katherina. What, in the midst of the street?

Petruchio. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Katherina. No, sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss.

Petruchio. Why, then let 's home again. — Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Katherina. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Petruchio. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Padua. Lucentio's House*

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the* Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katherina, Hortensio, *and* Widow, Tranio, Biondello, *and* Grumio; *the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet*

Lucentio. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown. —
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine. —
Brother Petruchio, — sister Katherina, —
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, —
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Petruchio. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Baptista. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Petruchio. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hortensio. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Petruchio. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Petruchio. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Widow. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Petruchio. Roundly replied.

Katherina. Mistress, how mean you that?

Widow. Thus I conceive by him.

Petruchio. Conceives by me ! — How likes Hortensio that?

Hortensio. My widow says thus she conceives her tale.

Petruchio. Very well mended. — Kiss him for that, good widow.

Katherina. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.

Katherina. A very mean meaning.

Widow. Right, I mean you.

Katherina. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Petruchio. To her, Kate!

Hortensio. To her, widow!

Petruchio. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hortensio. That 's my office.

Petruchio. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad!
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Baptista. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gremio. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bianca. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vincentio. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bianca. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Petruchio. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bianca. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow. —
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katherina, and Widow.*

Petruchio. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tranio. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
Petruchio. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tranio. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Baptista. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Lucentio. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hortensio. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Petruchio. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Baptista. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petruchio. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hortensio. Content. What is the wager?
Lucentio. Twenty crowns.
Petruchio. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Lucentio. A hundred then.

Hortensio. Content.
Petruchio. A match ! 't is done.
Hortensio. Who shall begin?
Lucentio. That will I. —
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Biondello. I go. [*Exit.*
Baptista. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Lucentio. I 'll have no halves ; I 'll bear it all myself. —

Re-enter BIONDELLO

How now ! what news?
Biondello. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.
Petruchio. How ! she is busy and she cannot come?
Is that an answer?
Gremio. Ay, and a kind one too ;
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Petruchio. I hope, better.
Hortensio. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Petruchio. O ho ! entreat her !
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hortensio. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated. —

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now, where 's my wife?
Biondello. She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Petruchio. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*

Hortensio. I know her answer.

Petruchio. What?

Hortensio. She will not.

Petruchio. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Baptista. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Re-enter KATHERINA

Katherina. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Petruchio. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Katherina. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Petruchio. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katherina.*

Lucentio. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hortensio. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Petruchio. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that 's sweet and happy?

Baptista. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Petruchio. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —

Re-enter KATHERINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
Widow. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bianca. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Lucentio. I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bianca. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Petruchio. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Widow. Come, come, you 're mocking; we will have no telling.
Petruchio. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Widow. She shall not.
Petruchio. I say she shall; — and first begin with her.
Katherina. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience —
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Petruchio. Why, there 's a wench! — Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Lucentio. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vincentio. 'T is a good hearing when children are toward.

Lucentio. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Petruchio. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed. —
We three are married, but you two are sped. —
[*To Lucentio*] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina.*

Hortensio. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Lucentio. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

King James I. Hawking

NOTES

Introduction

The Metre of the Play. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse ; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse ; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by ind. 1. 21 of the present play : "I would not lose the dog for twenty pound."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even

syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in ind. 1. 33: "This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *soundly*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. Other examples are lines 35 and 38 of the same scene. In line 57 ("Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper") we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *diaper*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in ind. 1. 16: "Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;" and line 25: "Trust me, I take him for the better dog." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in ind. 1. 44, 51, and 69. In 44 (a female line) the second syllables of *even* and *flattering* are superfluous; in 51 the second syllable of *heavenly;* and in 69 the word *will*.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 53 and 63. In 53 the last syllable of *reverence* and in 63 that of *lunatic*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the third syllable of *excellent* in 67 and of *husbanded* and *modesty* in 68.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, ind. 1. 96 ("You break into some merry passion") appears to have only nine syllables, but *passion* is a trisyllable. In 98 *impatient* is a quadrisyllable and so is *instructions* in 129. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more*, *your*, etc. In ii. 1. 133 ("And where two raging fires meet together") *fires* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *A. W.* iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 442; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals

and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance, horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess, sense, marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *cold'st, stern'st, kind'st, secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónfine* (noun) and *confíne*, *éxtreme* (see on ii. 1. 136) and *extréme*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *únkind* (see on v. 2. 136) and *unkínd*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct*, *impórtune* (see on i. 1. 48), *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver*, (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 2. 63, 211, ii. 1. 388, 393, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598. There are about fifty lines in this play; as in i. 2. 11–17, etc.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Richard II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in

this enumeration. In the present play, out of some two thousand ten-syllable verses, about ninety are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.* we also find a few lines, but none at all in this and subsequent plays. In this play they occur only in iii. 1. 72–75.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags" are often found at the end of scenes; as in 8 of the 12 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *emboss'd*, line 17, and *wak'd*, line 43, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *distilled*, line 48, where the word is a trisyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. This play has scenes entirely in verse (none entirely in prose), and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have

uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter ; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose ; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the*

Life of Shakespeare (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882): Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both boys and girls will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will*

Shakespeare's Little Lad (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

INDUCTION

SCENE I. — In the 1st folio, there is no separation between the Induction and the play. We find "*Actus primus. Scæna Prima.*" at the beginning, "*Actus Tertia.*" at the head of act iii., "*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*" at iv. 3, and "*Actus Quintus*," at v. 2. There is no list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

The old *Taming of a Shrew* opens thus: —

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken*.

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. *Exit* Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?
Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.
Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not. *Exeunt* two with *Slie.*

1. *Enter* HOSTESS *and* SLY. The folio has "*Enter Begger and*

Hostes, Christophero Sly ;" and "*Begger*" or "*Beg.*" is the prefix to Sly's speeches throughout.

Pheeze. "According to some commentators = to beat, to others = to drive ; probably a verb signifying any kind of teazing and annoying" (Schmidt). It occurs again in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 215 : "An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride." The folio has "phese" there, "pheeze" here ; in the old play (see above) it is "fese." Halliwell and Wright (*Archaic Dict.*) give *pheeze* = "beat, chastise, humble," as a Westmoreland word ; and they quote "To phease, *i.e.* to pay a person off for an injury" from a MS. *Devonshire Glossary*. *Faze*, which is the same word (see *New Eng. Dict.* or the *Century Dict.*), is still current in this country. The *Century Dict.* gives it as "local U.S." and defines it as = "disturb, ruffle, daunt." The *New Eng. Dict.* explains it in the present passage as = "do for, settle the business of." It also gives it as intransitive ("colloquial U.S.") = "fret, fume, worry," as in the expression, "She frets and feezes."

3. *Rogues.* "That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen" (Johnson). We find "William Slye" in the list of "The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes," prefixed to the 1st folio.

4. *Richard Conqueror.* Some of the commentators take the trouble to inform us that this is "Sly's blunder for William the Conqueror."

5. *Paucas pallabris.* A corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras* = few words. Steevens notes that the expression appears in other plays of the time, but "always appropriated to the lowest characters." *Sessa*, according to Schmidt, is "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running (cf. the German *sasa*)." *Let the world slide* was proverbial. Cf. ind. 2. 142 below : "let the world slip."

8. *Burst.* Broken. Cf. iii. 2. 58 and iv. 1. 77 below ; and see also 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 347 : "he burst his head," etc.

9. *Denier.* The twelfth part of a French *sou.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.*

iii. 3. 91 : "I 'll not pay a denier," etc. The French coin was not current in England, but the name came to be used for the smallest imaginable sum.

Go by, Jeronimy. The folio has "go by S. *Ieronimie*," and some modern eds. give "go by, St. Jeronimy." The old play has "goe by *Ieronimie*." The Cambridge editors suggest that the "S." of the folio "may have been derived from a note of exclamation in the MS., written, as it is usually printed, like a note of interrogation." The phrase is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy :* "Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by." The play was "the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time." *Go to thy cold bed and warm thee* seems to have been proverbial.

12. *Third-borough.* A kind of constable. The early eds. have "headborough." The correction is Theobald's, and is generally adopted. It appears to be required by Sly's reply. The word is corrupted to *tharborough* in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 185 : "I am his grace's tharborough."

14. *Boy.* Probably Sly's drunken reminiscence of the tapster. Cf. the extract from the old play above.

16. *Tender well.* Take good care of. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 32, *Ham.* i. 3. 107, etc.

17. *Brach.* The word properly meant a female hound (see 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 240 : "Lady my brach;" and *Lear*, i. 4. 125 : "The lady brach"), but came to be applied to a particular kind of scenting-dog. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 72 : "Hound or spaniel, brach or lym." In the present passage, if we retain the old reading, we must make the line parenthetical, but there may be some corruption, though it is not absolutely necessary to suppose that a *verb* (expressing an order or direction) is required in place of *Brach*, as some editors assume on account of *And* in the next line, which may connect that order with the general one, *tender well my hounds.*

Emboss'd was a hunter's term, used of an animal foaming at the mouth in consequence of hard hunting. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 13. 3 : —

"the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd."

See also Tubervile's *Hunting:* "When the hart is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is embossed;" and *Wit and Drollery:* "He chaf'd and fom'd, as buck embost."

18. *Deep mouth'd.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 12: "Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;" that is, the more sonorous bark. See also *K. John*, v. 2. 173 and *Hen. V.* v. chor. 11.

20. *In the coldest fault?* When the scent was coldest, and the dogs most at fault. Cf. *V. and A.* 694: —

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out.
Then do they spend their mouths; Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies."

See also *T. N.* ii. 5. 134: "he is now at a cold scent."

21. *Twenty pound.* Cf. *fifteen year* (ind. 2. 113), etc.

23. *He cried upon it at the merest loss.* He gave the cry (cf. the passage just quoted from *V. and A.*) when the scent seemed utterly lost. For *mere* = absolute, utter, cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 3: "The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet," etc.

36. *Practise.* Play a trick. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 125: "you have . . . practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman."

40. *Brave.* In handsome livery; a familiar sense of *brave.* Cf. i. 2. 218 (stage-direction) below.

42. *Cannot choose.* Cannot help it; as often.

48. *Balm.* Perfume, that is, by bathing. Cf. *Per.* iii. 2. 65: —

"balm'd and entreasured,
With full bags of spices."

49. *Lodging.* Chamber; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 234: "the lodging where I first did swoon," etc.

57. *Diaper.* Towel; the only instance of the word in S.

64. *And when he says he is, say*, etc. The reading of all the early eds. The meaning seems to be "And when, on your telling him that he *hath been* crazy, he says that he *is*, say that he dreams." In the next scene, Sly says "What, would you make me mad?" and farther on "Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?" and the servant replies "These fifteen years you have been in a dream," etc. Sly will be doubtful whether he is crazy or dreaming (as the event proves), and he is to be assured (as he is by the servant) that his reminiscences of his tinker life are only a dream. The emendations that have been proposed are not necessary.

66. *Kindly.* Probably = naturally; as Schmidt explains it. Cf. the adjective = natural (*Much Ado*, iv. 1. 75: "that fatherly and kindly power that you have in her," etc.)

67. *Passing.* Surpassingly; as very often. Cf. ii. 1. 113, iii. 2. 24, etc., below.

68. *Modesty.* Moderation; that is, not overdoing it. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 21: "o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone," etc. See also 93 below.

70. *As.* So that; a peculiar use of the word. Schmidt takes *W. T.* v. 3. 68 and *Sonn.* 68. 8 to be other instances, but this is not clear.

75. *Belike.* It is likely; as often. Bassanio's return to Belmont (*M. of V.* v. 1. 122) is announced by sound of trumpet. In like manner, companies of actors used to make known their advent by a flourish of trumpets.

81. *So please your lordship*, etc. These strolling players were in the habit of offering their services in this way at the country mansions of noblemen. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 16 fol.

83. *Since.* When; so used only after verbs of remembering. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 149, *W. T.* v. 1. 219, etc.

87. In the folio this speech has the prefix "*Sincklo*," the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company. Like other instances of the kind, it serves to show that the folio was printed from stage copies

of the plays. Sincklo was also one of the actors in 2 *Hen. IV.*, as the quarto of 1600 has in v. 4 the stage-direction "*Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.*" Again in the folio, in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1, we find the stage-direction, "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with crosse-bowes in their hands;*" and "*Sink.*," "*Sinklo*," *or* "*Sin.*" is prefixed to the speeches of the 1st Keeper that follow. *Soto* is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased;* but that play does not seem to be referred to here.

88. *Excellent.* Often adverbial.

90. *The rather for.* The more so because; as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 22, *A. W.* iii. 5. 45, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 23, etc.

91. *Cunning.* Skill. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 461, 619, iv. 7. 156, etc.

93. *Modesties.* See on 68 above. For the plural (used because more than one person is referred to), cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 314: "your sights," etc.

94. *Over-eyeing.* Observing, witnessing. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 80: "And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye."

95. *Yet.* For its use *before* the negative, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 91: —

> "yet I have not seen
> So likely an ambassador of love."

Other "adverbs of limitation" (*almost, only*, etc.) are often thus transposed by S.

96. *Merry passion.* Fit of merriment. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 47: —

> "idle merriment,
> A passion hateful to my purposes;"

and *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 132: "Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger." The word is a trisyllable here. Cf. *impatient* just below.

100. *Antic.* Buffoon. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 32, etc.

101. *Buttery.* The room where eatables were kept. Cf. *buttery-bar* in *T. N.* i. 3. 74.

104. *Barthol'mew.* The early eds. all have "Bartholmew."

105. *Dress'd in all suits*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118: "That I did suit me all points like a man."

107. *Obeisance.* Apparently accented on the first syllable; but possibly an adjective has dropped out. S. uses the word only here.

113. *Soft low tongue.* Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 273: —

> "Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

117. *Embracements.* Used by S. oftener than *embrace.* Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 44, *W. T.* v. 1. 114, *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 30, etc.

118. *Declining head into*, etc. Head declining into. Such "transposition of adjective phrases" is not uncommon in S.

121. *This seven.* Changed by Theobald to "twice seven," on account of the "fifteen years" in line 79 of the next scene; but, as Clarke remarks, the exaggeration there is characteristically humorous, and, moreover, S. not unfrequently gives these variations. Cf. the "nineteen" of *M. for M.* i. 2. 172 with the "fourteen" of *Id.* i. 3. 21 (changed by Theobald to "nineteen"). *Him* = himself; as in 76 above.

125. *An onion.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 321: "Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon;" *A. and C.* i. 2. 176: "the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow;" and *Id.* iv. 2. 35: "And I, an ass, am onion-eyed." Johnson suggests that the onion may have been used for this purpose by the actors of interludes. *Close* = secretly.

126. *Napkin.* Handkerchief; the only meaning in S. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 287, 290, 321, etc.

127. *In despite.* For the absolute use, cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 48: "And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food." See also *R. of L.* 55.

129. *Instructions.* A quadrisyllable. See on 96 above.

136. *Spleen.* "Any sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason" (Schmidt). For its application to a fit of mirth or laughter, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 122, *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 77, v. 2. 117, etc.

SCENE II. — *Enter aloft*, etc. That is, in the balcony at the back of the old English stage. When a play within a play was performed, the spectators were placed in this balcony, while the actors occupied the front of the stage.

In the old play this scene begins as follows: —

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

2. *Sack.* The generic name of Spanish and Canary wines.

13. *Idle.* Foolish, absurd; as in 83 below.

18. *Burton-heath.* Probably Barton-on-the-Heath, a village in Warwickshire.

20. *Bearherd.* One who leads about a tame bear. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 43, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 192, etc.

21. *Wincot.* Knight says: "*Wincot* is the name of a hamlet farm situated about four miles from Stratford on the road to Cheltenham. It is a substantial stone building of the Elizabethan period, and was probably at its first erection a manorial residence." It is more probable, however, that the *Wincot* of the play is *Wilnecote* or *Wilmecote* (pronounced *Wincot*), a hamlet about three miles to the north of Stratford in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, whose youngest daughter was Shakespeare's mother. She inherited a house and lands in the village.

23. *Sheer ale.* Unmixed ale; or, in modern English, "entire beer." Staunton cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Double Marriage*, v. 1, where Castruccio, on being allowed only wine and water, asks indignantly "Shall I have no sheer wine then?" Some make *sheer ale* = ale alone, nothing but ale. Halliwell-Phillipps, who prefers this explanation, cites *A Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*, 1639: "they had spent eleven grotes in sheare ale onely, beside cheese and bread;" but there it may have the other sense. S. uses *sheer* only here and in *Rich. II.* v. 3. 61: "Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain!" where it is = clear, pure.

24. *Bestraught.* Like *distraught* (see *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49) = distracted. Steevens quotes Warner, *Albions England:* "she as one bestrought;" and Surrey's trans. of Virgil: "Well near bestraught."

31. *Ancient.* Former. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 1. 3: "Where is your ancient courage?"

37. *We 'll have thee to a couch*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 174: "To have my love to bed and to arise."

41. *Trapp'd.* Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 189: "horses trapp'd in silver."

48. *Breathed.* "In full career, in the full display of strength"

(Schmidt). Cf. the Fr. *mis en haleine.* So in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 230: "I am not yet well breathed."

51. *Cytherea.* Venus; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 122 and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 14.

55. *Beguiled and surpris'd.* That is, by Jupiter under the form of a cloud. *Io* is not elsewhere referred to by S.

57. *Daphne.* See also *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 231 and *T. and C.* i. 1. 101.

60. *Workmanly.* Adverbial, like *lively* just above, and other adjectives in *-ly* elsewhere.

63. *Waning.* Declining, degenerate. Cf. ii. 1. 397 below.

73. *Christophero.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "Christopher." Cf. 5 above. In 18 the 1st and 2d folios have "Christopher," the others "Christophero."

81. *Fay.* Faith. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 128 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 271.

87. *Leet.* Court-leet, or manor court, where those accused of using false weights and measures were tried. *Sealed quarts* are quart-pots duly sealed or stamped as being of legal size.

93. *Of Greece.* Changed by Hanmer to "o' th' Green." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 183: "Peter Bullcalf o' the Green." Other emendations have been proposed; but Hanmer's is the best, if any is called for.

97. *Amends.* Amendment, recovery; perhaps meant as a blunder.

99. *I thank thee*, etc. Clarke remarks: "This speech is probably made in answer to one of the servants bringing Sly some of the *sack* and *conserves;* as immediately after he says 'I fare well, for here is *cheer* enough.'" It may, however, refer to the good-will expressed in the general *Amen.*

110. *Al'ce.* A provincial contraction of *Alice.* Halliwell-Phillipps cites, among other instances of it, from an old parish register: "Alse Merten was buried the 25. daye of June, 1586;" and from a MS. account-book in Lincoln cathedral: "Alce Barrow came to dwell with my father the 3rd December, 1638."

113. *Above.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the others (followed by some modern eds.) have "about." As Clarke remarks, "the very vagueness of expression is characteristic of the speaker." For the plural *year*, cf. *pound* in ind. 1. 21 above.

136. *Comonty* is of course Sly's blunder for *Comedy.* The old play has a similar joke in connection with the announcement of the arrival of the players: —

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.
Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?
San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.
The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame vs all.
Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?
San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^{t} are married men.

ACT I

Scene I. — 2. *Padua.* Clarke cites Florio's *Second Frutes:* "Milan great, Genoa proud, Bologna fertile, Naples gentle, Florence fair, Padua learned, Ravenna ancient, and Rome holy."

Knight remarks: "During the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua: —

"'His name is Licio, born in Mantua;'

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

> " 'as he that leaves
> The shallow plash to plunge him in the deep;'

or a 'Pedant' (iv. 2) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoli,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages;' also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim

staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

3. *Fruitful Lombardy*, etc. "The rich plain of Lombardy is still like *a pleasant garden*, and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilized by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences, intersected by the great Via Æmilia — one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine" (Knight).

9. *Ingenious.* Johnson conjectured "ingenuous;" but Reed quotes Coles, *Dict.* 1677: "*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded." S. (or his printers) appears to use the two words indiscriminately (Schmidt).

10. *Pisa, renowned*, etc. Mr. C. A. Brown, who believes that S. visited Italy, remarks: "The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian: —

> "'Tranio, since for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy;
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Here let us breathe, and haply institute
> A course of learning and ingenious studies.'

"The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa: 'Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.' They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act" (2. 95).

15. *Serve.* Fulfil; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 205: "Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd," etc.

19. *Apply.* Apparently equivalent to "ply," as Clarke explains it. Schmidt also thinks that may be the meaning. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Gascoigne's *Supposes* (see p. 12 above): "I feare he applyes his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke;" and *Nice Wanton*, 1560:—

> "O ye children, let your time be well spent,
> Applye your learning, and your elders obey."

23. *Plash.* Pool; used by S. only here. Cf. Withals, *Dict.* ed. 1608: "A plash or fenne, palus, paludis, lacus palustris;" and Peele, *Honour of the Garter*, 1593: "As in a plash or calme transparent brooke."

25. *Me perdonato.* "Begging your pardon." The folios have "Me pardonato," and the old play "Me pardinato." Capell (followed by most editors) reads "Mi perdonate;" on which Mr. C. A. Brown comments thus: "Indeed we should read no such thing as two silly errors in two common words. S. may have written *Mi perdoni* or *Perdonatemi;* but why disturb the text further than by changing the syllable *par* into *per?* It then expresses (instead of *pardon me*) *me being pardoned*"—which, however, is essentially the same thing.

26. *Affected.* Inclined, disposed; as in *M. W.* iii. 4. 95, *Lear*, ii. 1. 100, etc.

28. *To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.* Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 479, where "divine philosophy" is called "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets."

32. *Checks.* The reading of all the early eds. If it be what S. wrote, it refers to the "harsh rules" (Steevens) or "austere morals" (Schmidt) of Aristotle. Some editors adopt Blackstone's conjecture of "ethics," which is plausible, if any change is made. The old play, in the corresponding passage, has

> "Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
> To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes."

For *devote*, cf. *contract* (*Rich. III.* iii. 7. 197), *deject* (*Ham.* iii. 1. 163), and other contracted participles.

33. *As.* That. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 174: —

> "you shall be so receiv'd
> As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart," etc.

Cf. i. 1. 33 above.

34. *Balk.* Schmidt makes the word = "neglect, not to care for;" as in *R. of L.* 696: —

> "Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
> Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
> Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
> The prey wherein by nature they delight," etc.

Clarke defines it "to wrangle as a disputant, to altercate in reasoning;" and Boswell quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 12: —

> "But to occasion him to further talke,
> To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
> Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke."

Cf. also *Id.* iv. 10. 25: —

> "And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
> Praysing their god and yeelding him great thankes,
> Ne ever ought but of their true love talkt,
> Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt."

This is, on the whole, the more likely meaning here. Herford says: "*balk logic*, chop logic (from the notion of *balking*, or blocking, one argument with another)."

37–40. *The mathematics*, etc. Hazlitt remarks: "In some parts of this play there is a little too much about music-masters and masters of philosophy. They were things of greater rarity in those days than they are now. Nothing however can be better than the advice which Tranio gives his master for the prosecution of his studies: —

> "'The mathematics and the metaphysics,
> Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
> No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'"

41. *Gramercies.* Great thanks. For the plural form, cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 69: "Gramercies, good fool." Elsewhere S. has "gramercy."

47. *Enter* . . . KATHERINA. We follow the spelling of the name in the folio, as in *Hen. VIII.* The editors generally give "Katharina" and "Katharine." The Italian form is *Caterina. Importune* is accented by S. on the second syllable.

55. *Cart.* "A play upon *court* and *cart* is common in old writers, and very plainly depended upon a pronunciation of the former like the latter. Such a pronunciation lingered in some parts of England till the end of the 17th century. Titus Oates affected it. *Carting* was a punishment akin to the ducking-stool, and consisted in driving the offender around town in a cart" (White).

58. *Stale.* Laughing-stock, dupe; with, perhaps, a quibbling allusion to *stale-mate* in chess (Schmidt). Cf. 3 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 260: "Had he none else to make a stale but me?" See also *T. A.* i. 1. 304.

62. *I wis.* Printed "I-wis" in the early eds. except the 4th folio. It is a corruption of *ywis* = truly, verily. The meaning of the line seems to be: Indeed you have not got half way to her heart; or "*she* is not one that meets her lovers half way."

64. *To comb*, etc. The expression is an old one. Halliwell-Phillipps cites, among other examples of it, Skelton's *Merie Tales:*

"Hys wife woulde divers tymes in the week kimbe his head with a iij. footed stoole."

65. *A fool.* That is, a professional jester. Cf. *C. of E.* v. i. 175 : "His man with scissors nicks him like a fool" (that is, clips his hair).

68. *Hush.* The 1st and 2d folios and the quarto have "Husht" which also occurs in *Per.* i. 3. 10 ; but elsewhere in the early eds. the interjection is *hush.* The Cambridge ed. retains "Husht" here. *Toward* = at hand, coming. Cf. *M. N. D.*, iii. 1. 81 : "a play toward ?"

78. *Peat.* A form of *pet*, not found elsewhere in S. *Pet* he does not use at all. Cf. *England's Helicon*, 1614 : —

> "And God send every pretty peate,
> Heigh hoe, the pretty peate,
> That feares to die of this conceit,
> So kinde a friende to helpe at last ;"

Massinger, *City Madam :* "You are pretty peats," etc.

79. *Put finger in the eye.* That is, weep in a childish manner. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 206 : —

> "Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
> To put the finger in the eye and weep."

Halliwell-Phillipps cites some verses quoted in Thomas's *Hist. of Italie :* —

> "Some be meerie, I wote well why.
> And some begile the housbande with finger in the eie."

80. *Sister, content you*, etc. Clarke rightly considers Bianca "a mincing pretender to sweetness." He adds : "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katherina will take delight in her being sent to her room — just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's ; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and

her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katherina's conduct in all things."

87. *Mew her up.* Shut her up ; as in 184 below. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 4. 11 : "To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness."

92. *And for.* And because.

97. *Prefer them hither.* Send them hither for acceptance, recommend them to me. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 155 : "Shylock . . . hath preferr'd thee." See also *J. C.* v. 5. 62, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 51, etc. *Cunning* = skilful, proficient ; as in 188 and ii. 1. 56, 81 below. Cf. the noun in ind. i. 91 above.

101. *Commune.* For the accent, cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 202, etc.

103. *Belike.* See on ind. i. 75 above. Here it is ironical, as often.

105. *Gifts.* Endowments. Cf. ind. i. 123 above.

106. *Their.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios ; the 3d and 4th have "Our." If the text is right, it must mean, Malone says, "the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us." Capell explains it : "the love of father and daughter — his in admitting suit to Bianca, and hers in encouraging it." Knight takes it to mean "the affection between Katherine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene" — the idea being that there is so little love between them that he is not likely to hold long to his resolve of finding a husband for her before he allows Bianca to wed. Clarke thinks that *their* refers to *gifts*, and that the meaning is "The love of her gifts is not so great on our parts, Hortensio, as to induce either of us to marry Katherina and enable the other to win Bianca ; therefore we may bear our impatience as well as we may together." It is possible that *so great* may be = so great a matter, so important to us.

108. *Our cake 's dough.* Still a popular proverb. Cf. v. 1. 137 below. *On both sides* = "yours as well as mine" (Herford).

111. *Wish him to.* Commend him to. Cf. i. 2. 59 below.

115. *Parle.* Parley (with a view to come to an agreement).

Upon advice. Upon consideration or reflection. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6 : "upon more advice ; " *M. for M.* v. 1. 469 : "after more advice," etc.

126. *To be.* That is, *as* to be ; a common ellipsis.

132. *Had as lief.* Good English now as then, though condemned by some grammar-mongers.

133. *At the high cross.* That is, in the market-place, where a cross was often erected. In some English towns there were two crosses, the *High Cross* and the *Low Cross.*

140. *Have to 't.* We 'll at it, we 'll set to it. Cf. iv. 5. 78 and v. 2. 37 below.

Happy man be his dole! Happiness be his portion! Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 163, *M. W.* iii. 4. 68, etc.

141. *The ring.* That is, the ring offered as a prize ; with perhaps an allusion to the wedding-ring, as Clarke thinks. In the *Cokes Tale of Gamelyn,* one of the prizes at the wrestling-match is a ring.

148. *Of a sudden.* The phrase occurs again in *T. A.* i. 1. 393. *On a sudden* is more common in S., but *on the sudden* is the usual form.

152. *Love in idleness.* Apparently alluding to the effect of the flower, as explained in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 168 fol.

155. *Anna.* The sister and confidante of Dido. See Virgil, *Æn.* iv.

157. *Achieve.* Cf. 180 and 220 below ; and see also *M. of V.* iii. 2. 210 : —

> " I got a promise of this fair one here
> To have her love, provided that your fortune
> Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

161. *Rated.* Driven away by scolding. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 99 : " Rated mine uncle from the council-board," etc.

163. *Redime te captum*, etc. "Redeem thyself, O captive, for the least sum thou canst;" a line quoted from Terence in Lily's *Latin Grammar*, whence S. (or the writer of this part of the play) seems to have taken it, and not from the original Latin, which has "Quid agas, nisi ut te redimas captum," etc.

166. *Longly.* Schmidt makes the word = "longingly, fondly;" but Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Longuement*, longly, tediously, at length, long time, lastingly, of much continuance, a great while."

169. *The daughter of Agenor.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull" (Johnson).

171. *Strand.* The early eds. (except the 4th folio) have "strond;" a spelling found elsewhere.

175. *To move.* S. omits the *to* of the infinitive after some verbs with which it is now required, and inserts it where it is now omitted.

181. *Curst.* Shrewish; as often. For the original meaning of *shrewd* (evil, mischievous), cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 179: "shrewd days," etc.

184. *Mew'd her up.* See on 87 above.

185. *Because she will not*, etc. Apparently = because she *shall* not (Rowe changed *will* to "shall"); or, perhaps, because *in that case* she will not, etc.

187. *Art thou not advis'd?* Do you not understand? Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 172: "You were advis'd his flesh was capable," etc.

191. *Jump.* Agree. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 259: —

"till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump," etc.

199. *Basta!* Enough (Italian). *I have it full* = I have it completely, or exactly; as in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 110.

204. *Port.* State, appropriate style of living. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 124: —

"a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance."

206. *Meaner.* That is, of *meaner* or lower rank than I am.

208. *Uncase.* Undress; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 707: "Pompey is uncasing for the combat." Cf. *discase* in *Temp.* v. 1. 85 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 648.

"In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soberer-tinted clothes than their masters, the young gallants, who flaunted about in garments of bright and varied hues that might well, by contrast, be emphatically called *coloured*" (Clarke).

210. *Charm him*, etc. Cf. iv. 2. 58 below: "to charm her chattering tongue." The idea seems to be, silencing the person as by a magic spell.

212. *Sith.* Since. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 45, iv. 7. 3, etc.

225. *What 's the news?* What novelty is this? what does this mean? Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 272: "Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?"

235. *I, sir! ne'er a whit.* Rowe reads "Ay, sir, ne'er," etc.; and Dyce "Ay, sir. — [*Aside*] Ne'er a whit!" *I* and *ay*, being both printed *I* in the time of S. (see countless instances in the extracts I have given from the *Taming of a Shrew*), are sometimes liable to be confounded; but here the old reading well enough expresses Biondello's momentary bewilderment at his fellow-servant's startling metamorphosis and his master's no less startling explanation of it.

239. *After.* For the rhyme with *daughter*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 1. 27, 28. Lines 238–244 are doggerel. See p. 144 above.

245. *Rests.* Remains. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 74, *Ham.* iii. 3. 64, etc.

248. *The presenters above speak.* This stage-direction is found in the early eds. The *presenters* (actors) are Sly and his attendants in the balcony above. See on ind. 2. 1 above.

Scene II. — *Enter* Petruchio. I follow the folio in the spelling of the name, which was doubtless intended to indicate the pronunciation. Some editors give "Petrucio," which is a name

in Gascoigne's *Supposes* (see p. 12 above); but the correct Italian form would be "Petruccio."

4. *Trow.* Think, believe; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 218, etc.

7. *Rebused.* Grumio's blunder for *abused.* Tyrwhitt innocently asks "What is the meaning of *rebused?* or is it a false print for *abused?*"

8. *Knock me.* The *me* is the "ethical dative;" a familiar expletive use of the pronoun.

24. *Con tutto,* etc. "With all my heart, well found, or well met" (Italian).

25. *Alla nostra,* etc. "Welcome to our house, my much honoured Signor Petruchio."

28. *What he leges in Latin.* That is, what he *alleges* in Latin. S. makes Grumio mistake the Italian for Latin, disregarding the fact that the former was his native tongue. This ought to be plain enough, but the seeming inconsistency led Mason to endorse Tyrwhitt's preposterous emendation and explanation: "Nay, 't is no matter what *be leges* in Latin, etc.; that is, 'T is no matter what is *law,* etc." Halliwell-Phillipps cites, among other instances of the verb *lege,* Heywood, *Spider and Flie,* 1556: "Who that can cause him, let him lege the evill."

33. *Two-and-thirty, a pip out.* An expression derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty. To be *two-and-thirty, a pip out* was a cant expression for being drunk. *Pip* (spelt "peepe" or "peep" in the early eds.) = a spot or mark on a card. Singer quotes Massinger, *Fatal Dowry,* ii. 2: "You think, because you served my lady's mother [you] are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know."

45. *This.* This is. All the early eds. read "this a," etc. Some editors print "this'."

46. *Ancient.* Old. Cf. iv. 2. 61 below.

51. *But in a few.* But in short, but briefly. Cf. *in few* in *Temp.* i. 2. 144, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 112, *Ham.* i. 3. 126, etc.

55. *Haply.* The early eds. have "Happily," as often in this

sense. The modern editors generally substitute *haply*, as here, when the word is dissyllabic.

58. *Roundly.* Directly, in a straightforward way; the only sense of the word in S. Cf. iii. 2. 212, iv. 4. 106, and v. 2. 21 below. See also *A. Y. L.* v. 3. 11: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse?" For *round* = direct, plain, blunt, cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 216, *Ham.* iii. 1. 191, iii. 4. 5, etc.

59. *Wish thee to.* See on i. 1. 111 above.

68. *Florentius' love.* The allusion is to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, in which a knight named Florent binds himself to marry a deformed hag, if she will teach him how to solve a riddle on which his life depends. Chaucer has also used the same plot in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. It is very old, being found in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

69. *As old as Sibyl.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 116: "If I live to be as old as Sibylla."

70. *Xanthippe.* The only allusion in S. to the famous old shrew. The early eds. spell the name "Zentippe" or "Zantippe."

72. *As rough*, etc. Knight remarks: "The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by the 'swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over into the Lagunes."

78. *Aglet-baby.* An *aglet* (Fr. *aiguillette*) was a pin or a tag of a point or lace, and the head of it was sometimes a small figure or image. Steevens quotes *Jeronimo*, 1605: —

> "And all those stars that gaze upon her face
> Are aglets on her sleeve-pins and her train;"

and Nares cites Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "In a brace, a man must

take hede . . . that it be fast on, with laces, without agglettes." The robe of Garter King at Arms, at Lord Leicester's creation, had on the sleeves "38 paire of gold aglets" (*Progress of Elizabeth*, 1564).

An old trot. Lucio calls Pompey "Trot" in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 53. Furnivall quotes R. Bernard, *Terence in English*, 1598 (ed. 1607): "See how earnest the old trot is to haue her heere; and all because she is a drunken gossip of hers."

80. *As two and fifty horses.* The *fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. Malone quotes *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!" In iii. 2. 50 fol. below, we have a list of some of these ailments. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 20: "a horse's health, a boy's love," etc.

87. *Faults.* The later folios have "fault." We often find *is* with a plural subject preceding or following it.

88. *Intolerable.* S. often uses adjectives in *-ble* as adverbs.

94. *Board her.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 149: "I would he had boarded me;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 170: "I 'll board him presently," etc. *Chide* = scold; as in 226 below.

96. *Baptista.* In *Ham.* iii. 2. 250, it is a female name, as it is said to have sometimes been.

104. *Give you over.* Leave you. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 11: "The visitor will not give him o'er so."

111. *Rope-tricks.* "Tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for *rhetoric*" (Schmidt). "That Grumio uses the word in its reference (and slight similarity) to *rhetoric* is obvious, from the punningly-introduced expression, *figure*, immediately afterwards" (Clarke). Steevens compares *ropery* for *roguery* in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 154, and possibly there is a quibbling allusion to that word here.

112. *Stand him.* Withstand, or stand her ground against him.

114. *Than a cat.* Some of the commentators have been puzzled by the simile; but it was probably meant to be a blundering one. Mr. F. A. Marshall remarks that the cat's habit of keeping

the eyes half-closed in the daylight probably led to its being called "blear-eyed;" as in Wynkyn de Worde's *Castell of Laboure* (1506): "That was as blereyed as a cat." There may be a play upon *cat* and *Kate*.

120. *Other more*. Cf. *other some* in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 94, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 226, etc.

125. *Order . . . ta'en*. That is, given orders. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 198, *Oth.* v. 2. 72, etc.

130. *Do me grace*. Do me a favour. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 87: "do his minions grace," etc.

133. *Well seen*. Well skilled. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 2. 35: "Well seene in every science that mote bee;" *Id.* v. 3. 5: "All sixe well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight," etc.

139. *Enter . . .* LUCENTIO *disguised*. Capell and others add "*with books under his arm;*" but I see no evidence in the text that he brings anything more than a memorandum (the *note* of 144) of the books.

142. *Stand by*. Stand back or aside; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24, *K. John*, iv. 3. 94, etc.

143. *Proper*. Comely; ironical, as often. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 60: "O proper stuff!" etc.

146. *At any hand*. At any rate, in any case; as in 222 below. So *in any hand* in *A. W.* iii. 6. 45, and *of all hands* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 219.

150. *Paper*. Changed by Pope to "papers," on account of *them* in the next line; but probably *paper* refers to the *note* above, and *them* to the *books*. It is doubtful what the "papers" could be that were to be "perfumed" and to "go to" Bianca. Mr. Marshall suggests that they may be "pieces of paper on which she was to write her exercises or translations." We may suppose that Lucentio when he enters hands the *note* to Gremio, who reads and approves it, and then gives it back to him.

153. *Go to*. Rowe, followed by many editors, drops *to*. For the double preposition, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139: "the scene wherein

we play in;" and *Cor.* ii. 1. 18: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?"

156. *As yourself were.* As if you were. Cf. ii. 1. 160 below.

160. *Woodcock.* A popular metaphor for a fool. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 158, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 82, *T. N.* ii. 5. 92, etc.

164. *Trow you?* Know you? See on 4 above.

180. *Indifferent good.* Equally good. For the adverbial *indifferent*, cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 143, i. 5. 265, etc.

189. *Say'st me so?* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 109: "Say'st thou me so?" For the *me*, cf. 8 above.

190. *Antonio's.* Rowe's correction of the "Butonios" or "Butonio's" of the early eds. Cf. 53 above.

202. *Chafed with sweat.* Made furious by heat. Schmidt says that "the sweat of the boar is compared to the foam of the sea." Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 126: "And Warwick rages like a chafed bull."

206. *Larums.* Generally printed "'larums," but *larums* is the spelling in all the early eds.

210. *Fear.* Frighten. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9, *K. John*, iv. 1. 7, etc. *Bugs* = bugbears; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 93: "The bug that you would fright me with I seek."

217. *Enter* TRANIO *brave.* That is, bravely apparelled, as Pope gives it. See on ind. 1. 40 above.

221. *He that has*, etc. Some editors give this speech to Gremio.

224. *Her to* —. The dash is in the folio. Malone conjectured "her to woo;" which was what Gremio was going to say if he had not been interrupted.

226. *Chides.* See on 94 above.

235. *The choice love.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 163: "The choice and master spirits of this age," etc.

236. *That she 's the chosen*, etc. *That* is emphatic, and *she* = woman; as in *T. and C.* i. 2. 316 (cf. 314): "That she was never yet that ever knew," etc.

243. *Leda's daughter.* Helen. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 11, *A. Y. L.*

iii. 2. 153, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44, etc. In *T. and C.* she is often mentioned, as *Paris* is.

246. *Though Paris came.* Cf. 1. *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 104: —

> "and thus he goes,
> As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
> With hope to find the like event in love."

Speed = succeed. Cf. ii. 1. 297 below.

248. *A jade.* A worthless nag. Cf. ii. 1. 202 below.

257. *Alcides'.* The allusion to the *twelve labours* is familiar. For the name (from Alcæus, the ancestor of Hercules), cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 35, iii. 2. 55, *K. John*, ii. 1. 144, etc.

259. *Whom you hearken for.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 52: "That ever said I hearken'd for your death," etc.

265. *Stead.* Help. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?" etc.

266. *Seek.* The reading of the early eds., changed by Rowe (followed by many editors) to "feat." White retains *seek*, which surely makes tolerable sense enough. Of course S. did not write the scene.

268. *Whose hap shall be.* Whoever may have the luck.

269. *To be ingrate.* As to be ungrateful. See on i. 1. 126 above.

272. *Gratify.* Requite; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 406: —

> "Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
> For, in my mind, you are much bound to him."

273. *Beholding.* Beholden; the regular form in S.

275. *Contrive.* Probably = spend, pass away; though Schmidt thinks it may be = lay schemes. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 48: "Three ages, such as mortall men contrive;" and *Damon and Pithias*, 1571: —

> "In travelling countries, we three have contrived
> Full many a year," etc.

276. *Quaff carouses.* Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 8. 34: "And drink carouses to the next day's fate." S. uses the noun only twice.

277. *Adversaries.* That is, the advocates on opposite sides of a case.

279. *O excellent motion!* "Grumio and Biondello, in their excitement at hearing of a prospective feast, and in their eagerness to be included among its enjoyers, address the company thus, though their masters are among it" (Clarke). *Motion* = proposal; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 55, 221, iii. 4. 67, etc.

281. *I shall be your ben venuto.* I will guarantee your welcome. See on 25 above.

ACT II

Scene I. — 3. *Gawds.* Bawbles, toys. The early eds. have "goods;" corrected by Theobald. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 33, *K. John*, iii. 3. 36, etc.

4. *Pull.* The misprint of "put" in the Variorum of 1821 has led many modern editors astray.

13. *Minion.* "A pert and saucy person; originally a spoiled favourite" (Schmidt). For its use = darling, favourite, cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 19, *T. N.* v. 1. 128, etc.

16. *Belike.* See on ind. 1. 75 above.

17. *To keep you fair.* To keep you in finery.

18. *Envy.* Accented on the last syllable; unless we give the word what is sometimes called the "hovering accent," which may be preferable in this instance.

26. *Hilding.* Base menial; used of both sexes. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44, iii. 5. 169, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 128, etc.

33. *I must dance barefoot*, etc. According to Grose (as quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*) it was a popular superstition that "if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding with-

out shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands."

34. *Lead apes in hell.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 43: "therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell." Halliwell-Phillipps cites, among many references to the superstition, Florio's definition of *Mammola* as "an old maide or sillie virgin that will lead apes in hell;" and *Churchyardes Chippes*, 1578: —

> "Lest virgins shoulde som surfet take,
> When they lead apes in hell."

Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be bearherds in the same place.

56. *Cunning.* Skilful, expert. See on i. 1. 97 above.

65. *Like not of.* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband if you like of me," etc.

70. *I know him well.* Baptista has not heard of the recent death of Antonio. Clarke suggests that Gremio's interruption here was partly intended to obviate the necessity of Petruchio's repeating the circumstances of his bereavement.

73. *Baccare!* "A cant word, meaning go back; used in allusion to a proverbial saying, 'Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow,' probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it" (Nares). Farmer quotes Heywood, *Epigrams:* —

> "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow;
> Went that sow backe at that bidding, trow you?"

and again: —

> "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow; se,
> Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Steevens adds, from *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, an interlude, 1567: —

> "Nay, hoa there, Backare, you must stand apart:
> You love me best, I trow, mistresse Mary."

78. *Beholding.* See on i. 2. 273 above.

81. *Rheims.* Spelt "Rhemes" in the early eds.

87. *So bold to know.* That is, *as* to know. See on i. 2. 269 above.

100. *Instrument.* The lute borne by Biondello.

101. *Greek and Latin books.* Knight remarks: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. 'Greek, Latin, and other languages,' 'the mathematics,' and 'to read philosophy,' then came as naturally as 'music' within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the poet."

103. *Lucentio is your name.* One of the slips in the play. He is a stranger to the disguised Tranio, whose fictitious name has not been mentioned.

112. *Orchard.* Garden; the only meaning in S.

113. *Passing.* See on ind. 1. 67 above.

115. *Asketh.* Requires, demands; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 27: "That will ask some tears," etc.

116. *And every day*, etc. A burden to several early English songs.

121. *To wife.* For *to* = *for*, cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 54, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 306, *Macb.* i. 3. 10, etc.

125. *Her widowhood.* Her rights as a widow; the only instance of the word in S.

127. *Specialties.* Special terms of a contract; as in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 165: —

" So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound."

133. *Fires.* A dissyllable.

136. *Extreme.* Accented on the first syllable ; as regularly in S. except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10. It generally precedes the noun. The superlative is always *extrémest.*

139. *Speed!* Fortune, luck ; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 146 : "fear Of the queen's speed," etc. Cf. the verb in 277 below.

141. *To the proof.* That is, as if "armed in proof" (*Rich. III.* v. 3. 219), or in proof-armour.

142. *His head broke.* A *broken head* was one that was bruised and bleeding, not a fractured skull, as some German critics have supposed. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 125, *T. N.* v. 1, 178, etc.

146. *Soldier.* A trisyllable. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 141, etc.

150. *Frets.* The "stops" of the lute. Cf. *R. of L.* 1140 : "as frets upon an instrument."

151. *Bow'd.* Bent, guided.

153. *Fume.* The play on *frets* is obvious. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 388.

158. *Fiddler.* A trisyllable. See p. 143 above.

159. *Twangling.* Twanging. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 146 : "a thousand twangling instruments." For the contemptuous use of *Jack*, cf. 284 below.

160. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 156 above. For the inversion that follows, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 4. 35 : "As were our England in reversion his," etc.

161. *It is.* For the playful or familiar use of the phrase, cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 58. Oftener it is contemptuous ; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, etc. *Lusty* = lively, "almost = merry" (Schmidt) ; as in iv. 2. 50 below.

174. *Roses newly wash'd with dew.* Cf. the old play : "As glorious as the morning washt with dew;" and Milton, *L'All.* 22 : "And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

183. *Good morrow, Kate,* etc. Cf. the old play :—

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*

Kate. You jest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place:
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.[1]
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate;* they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate,* this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando,* what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

184. *Heard . . . hard.* "A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time as if it were written *hard*" (Malone).

190. *Dainties are all Kates.* A play on *cates.*

196. *In good time!* Sometimes used ironically.

199. *A join'd-stool.* A joint-stool, a kind of folding chair. There is an allusion to the proverbial expression, "I took you for a joint-stool." Cf. *Lear,* iii. 6. 54.

202. *No such jade,* etc. "Women were made to bear no such jade as you, if you, by women, refer to me" (Halliwell-Phillipps). For the masculine use of *jade,* cf. i. 2. 248 above.

207. *Should be! should — buzz!* There is a play on *be* and *bee,* and also on the two senses of *buzz.* For the contemptuous interjectional use of *buzz* or *buz,* cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 412.

Buzzard. Clarke says: "This word is here used in its double

[1] The same cant expression for the fingers occurs in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 145.

signification of a degenerate hawk and a blockhead, dunce, or simpleton. Katherine first uses it in the latter sense ; Petruchio replies, using it in the former sense ; and then Katherine uses it in both senses : 'as he (a blockhead) takes a buzzard' (a worthless hawk). To take one bird for another was in proverbial use, as typifying an ignoramus. 'No more skill than take a falcon for a buzzard' occurs in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590." Johnson conjectured "*and* he takes a buzzard," that is, "he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*." Perhaps Kate means both this and the other : ay, for a turtle dove, as he stupidly takes a hawk — which he will find me to be. Schmidt thinks that *buzzard* in 207 and 209 is "probably = a buzzing insect, a beetle or a fly."

208. *Turtle.* Turtle dove ; the only meaning in S. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 154, v. 3. 132, etc.

217. *Lose your arms.* There is a play on the ordinary and the heraldic senses of *arms*.

220. *Put me in thy books!* Petruchio plays on the common meaning of the phrase = take me into thy favour (cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 79 : "I see the gentleman is not in your books"), and being enrolled in the heraldic registers.

221. *A coxcomb?* Referring to the ornament on a fool's cap so called. Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 105, 109, 114, 116, etc.

223. *Craven.* The word originally meant a vanquished knight who is compelled to beg for his life. Hence it came to be applied to a beaten or cowardly cock. Steevens cites *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631 : "That he will pull the craven from his nest."

225. *Crab.* That is, crab-apple. Cf. *Lear*, i. 5. 16 : "She 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple."

231. *Well aim'd of*, etc. Well guessed for, etc. Halliwell-Phillipps cites Palgrave : "*I ayme*, I mente or gesse to hyt a thynge."

238. *Passing.* See on ind. i. 67 above.

262. *Yes ; keep you warm.* Alluding to the proverb, "To have

wit enough to keep one's self warm." Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 69, where it is quoted again.

266. *Greed.* Agreed; but not a contraction of *agree*, being used also in prose. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 108: "how gree you now?"

267. *Will you, nill you.* Whether you will or not. Cf. *Ham.* v. i. 19: "will he, nill he, he goes."

273. *A wild Kate.* There is probably a play on *Kate* and *cat.* See on i. 2. 114 above, and cf. i. 2. 196.

274. *Conformable.* Compliant. S. uses the word only here and in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 24.

284. *Jack.* See on 159 above.

291. *Grissel.* An allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale.* He tells us that he got it from Petrarch, who was indebted to Boccaccio for it; and there is an earlier version of the story in the old French *Fabliaux.*

305. *Vied.* "As if to outdo me" (Schmidt). The verb is always transitive in S. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 98, *Per.* iii. 1. 26, iv. prol. 33. We have *out-vied* = outbid, in 381 below.

306. *In a twink.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 43: "Ay, with a twink."

307. *'T is a world to see.* It is a wonder to see. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 38: "God help us! It is a world to see." See also Yates, *Chariot of Chastitie*, 1582:—

> "But, Lord, it is a world to see, how foolish fickle youth
> Accompts the schoole a purgatorie, a place of paine and ruth."

309. *Meacock.* Spiritless, timorous; used by S. nowhere else. Nares quotes *Mirror for Magistrates:* "A meacocke is he who dreadth to see bloud shed;" Lyly, *Euphues:* "If I refuse their courtesie, I shall be accounted a mecocke, a milksop, taunted and retaunted;" and Churchyard, *Worthies of Wales*: "Let us therefore give the charge, and oncet upon yonder effeminate and meycocke people." Cotgrave (cited by Furnivall) defines *Coque-fredouille* as "A meacocke, milkesop, sneaksbie, worthlesse fellow."

310. *Unto Venice*, etc. Knight remarks: "If S. had not seen

the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury.

"Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence' — tapestry — by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain."

314. *Give me your hands.* That is, join hands in formal betrothal. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 160: "Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands," etc.

319. *We will have rings*, etc. "Parts of these lines read as if from a ballad. If any such be in print, it has never been pointed

out by the commentators; but the following, from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother (then forty), at least sixty years ago, bears a strong resemblance to what Petruchio seems to quote: —

"'To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day,
For I 'm to be married o' Sunday.'

There are other ballads with the same burden, but none so nearly in the words of Petruchio" (Collier).

320. *We will be married o' Sunday.* The burden of several popular songs; as in *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566: —

"I mun be maried a Sunday;
I mun be maried a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be maried a Sunday."

321. *Clapp'd up.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 235: "To clap this royal bargain up;" where it refers, as here, to a formal betrothal.

323. *Mart.* Bargain (Schmidt). In *Ham.* i. 1. 93 the quartos have "comart" = the "cou'nant" (covenant) of the folios.

324. *Fretting.* Getting shop-worn; with probably a play on the word. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 2 for a similar quibble.

335. *Skipper.* Used contemptuously, like *skipping* in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60: "The skipping king, he ambled up and down."

337. *Content you.* Compose yourselves, keep your temper. Cf. i. 1. 90 above.

344. *Basins and ewers.* "These were articles formerly of great account. They were usually of silver, and probably their fashion was much attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times" (Verplanck). See on iv. 1. 150 below.

345. *Tyrian tapestry.* Tapestry dyed purple. Marshall quotes Fawkes, translation of Theocritus : —

> "Lo, purple tapestry arrang'd on high
> Charms the spectators with the Tyrian dye."

347. *Arras counterpoints.* Tapestry counterpanes; so called because composed of contrasted *points*, or panes, of various colours. Wat Tyler's men were charged with having destroyed at the Savoy a counterpane worth a thousand marks. Cf. the old play : —

> "*Arabian* silkes,
> Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poines
> Muske *Cassia :* sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
> Pearle, curroll, christall, iett and iuorie."

For *arras*, cf *Ham.* ii. 2. 163, iii. 3. 28, iv. 1. 9, etc.

348. *Tents and canopies.* Probably = hangings for beds. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, refers to a "canapy that hangeth about beddes, to keepe away gnattes;" and in the inventory of goods at Kenilworth Castle, 1588, we find "a canapie bedsted of wainscott, the canapie of green sarsenett, buttoned, tasselled, and fringed with green silke."

349. *Boss'd.* Embossed, studded; used by S. only here.

351. *Pewter.* Pewter was costly in the olden time. From the *Northumberland Household Book*, 1512, it appears that vessels of pewter were hired by the year.

356. *Struck in years.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 92: "well struck in years." See also *Genesis*, xviii. 11, xxiv. 1, *Luke*, i. 7, etc.

363. *Pisa walls.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 17: "Verona walls;" *J. C.* v. 5. 19: "Philippi fields," etc.

370. *Argosy.* A large merchant-ship. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 9, i. 3. 18, iii. 1. 105, etc.

371. *Marseilles road.* Generally printed "Marseilles' road;" but cf. *Pisa walls* just above. The first folio has "Marcellus," the later folios "Marsellis." The word is evidently a trisyllable; as in *A. W.* iv. 4. 9, the only other instance in which S. has it in verse.

374. *Galliases.* Large galleys ; used by S. only here.

383. *The assurance.* That is, the legal settlement ; as in 392, iii. 2. 132, iv. 2. 117, and iv. 4. 49, 91 below.

396. *Gamester.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 170: "Now will I stir this gamester." Steevens quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 45: "You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands."

398. *A toy!* Nonsense! Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard."

401. *I have fac'd it with a card of ten.* I have played the best card. Warburton quotes Skelton: "And so outface him with a card of ten ; " and Steevens adds from *Law-Tricks*, 1608: "I may be outfac'd with a card of ten."

At the end of this scene Pope inserts an adaptation of the following from the old play: —

Then *Slie* speakes.
Slie. *Sim*, when will the foole come againe ?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 4. *Pedant.* Pedagogue, schoolmaster ; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 179, v. 2. 539, *T. N.* iii. 2. 80, etc. See also iv. 2. 63 below.

10. *To know.* *As* to know. See on i. 1. 126 above.

12. *Pain.* Toil, effort. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 224: "with more than with a common pain," etc.

15. *These braves.* This bullying. Cf. 1. *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123: "the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks."

18. *Breeching scholar.* Schoolboy to be whipped. Steevens quotes Marlowe, *Edward II.*: "Whose looks were as a breeching

to a boy; " and *Amends for Ladies*, 1618 : " If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have breeched him." See also Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.* : "*Avoir la salle*, to be whipt in publicke, as breeching boyes are sometimes in the halls of colledges."

19. *Pointed.* Appointed ; commonly printed " 'pointed ; " but improperly. Cf. iii. 2. 1, 15 below ; also Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 8. 81 : " So twixt themselves they pointed time and place ; " and *Id.* iv. 12. 11 : —

> " But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
> The which the prisoner points unto the free ! "

22. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while.*

28. *Hic ibat*, etc. From Ovid's *Epist. Heroid.* i. 33.

36. *Pantaloon.* An old fool ; a standing character in Italian comedy. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7, 158 : " the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ; " the only other instance of the word in S.

40. *Now let me see*, etc. " Here we see Bianca in her true colours. No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself ; ' orders one aside while she listens to the other ; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit, and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. S. has drawn her consistently throughout " (Clarke). See on i. 1. 80 above, and cf. p. 25.

47. *How fiery*, etc. The early eds. give this and the next two lines to " *Luc.*" They also assign the next speech but one (51) to " *Bian.*," and the next (53) to " *Hort.*" These errors were corrected by Rowe and Pope.

49. *Pedascule.* Warburton believes that S. coined this word from *pedant.* Steevens thinks " it is more probable that it lay in

his way and he found it." However that may be, no other instance of it has been pointed out.

51. *For, sure, Æacides*, etc. "Said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen" (Steevens).

60. *Formal.* Precise, inclined to insist on *form*. Cf. iv. 2. 64 below.

61. *But.* Unless; as often.

70. *Gamut.* The musical scale; mentioned by S. only here and in the context.

80. For *Servant* the early eds. prefix to the speech "*Nicke.*" or "*Nick.*" This probably refers to *Nicholas Tooley*, an actor. See on ind. i. 87 above.

89. *To cast. As* to cast. Cf. 10 above. *Stale* = decoy, bait; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 187: —

> "The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
> For stale to catch these thieves."

90. *Seize thee that list.* Let them take thee that will.

91. *Quit with thee.* Even with thee. Cf. *quit of* in *Cor.* iv. 5. 89: "To be full quit of those my banishers."

SCENE II. — 1. *Pointed.* See on iii. 1. 19 above.

10. *Rudesby.* Rude fellow; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 55: "Rudesby, begone!" Cf. "sneaksbie" in the quotation from Cotgrave, note on ii. 1. 309 above. *Spleen* = caprice, waywardness; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 19, etc.

12. *I told you, I.* The repetition of *I* is common. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 58, iii. 5. 12, etc.

16. *Make feasts*, etc. The 1st folio reads: "Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes;" the 2d adds "yes" after *invite*, to fill out the measure. The emendation in the text is an anonymous one, made independently by Dyce. Others have been suggested.

28. *Very.* Omitted in the later folios, and in some modern eds.

30. *Old news.* Rare news, rich news. For this colloquial *old*, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 98, *M. of V.* iv. 2. 15, *Macb.* ii. 3. 2, etc.

45. *Candle-cases.* "Boots that have been used as recipients for candle-ends, and now are retaken into use as riding-boots" (Clarke).

47. *Chapeless.* The *chape* (cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 164) was "the metal part at the end of the scabbard" (Schmidt); or the "hook" on it, as others say. The *points* were the tagged strings or laces used in fastening parts of the dress, especially the breeches. Cf. the quibble in *T. N.* i. 5. 25: —

"*Clown.* . . . I am resolved on two points.
Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall;"

and in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238: —

"*Falstaff.* Their points being broken, —
Poins. Down fell their hose."

Hipped. "Perhaps covered on or down to the hips" (Schmidt).

50. *To mose in the chine.* "A disorder in horses, by some called mourning in the chine" (Nares). It is akin to *glanders.*

51. *Lampass.* A swelling of the palate. *Fashions* (corrupted from *farcins*) = farcy.

52. *Rayed* = dirtied, defiled; as in iv. 1. 3 below.

53. *Fives* = *vives*, an inflammation of the parotid gland.

54. *Begnawn* = gnawed. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 222: "The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!" The participle *gnawn* occurs in *M. W.* ii. 2. 307.

55. *Shoulder-shotten.* Sprained in the shoulder. *Near-legged* = knock-kneed (Schmidt). The early eds. have "neere (or "neer") leg'd;" and Malone reads "ne'er-legged" (= "foundered in his fore-feet"), which Madden endorses.

56. *Half-checked* "seems to mean a bit that but half does its duty of checking the horse" (Clarke).

59. *Velure.* Velvet (Fr. *velours*).

64. *Stock.* Stocking; as in *T. N.* i. 3. 144, *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 312, etc.

65. *Boot-hose.* Cotgrave has "*Triquehouse*, a boot-hose, or a thicke hose worne instead of a boot;" but Halliwell-Phillipps says the word meant "stockings suited to wear with boots." He cites Hollyband, *French Littleton*, 1609: "Pull off first my bootes; make them cleane; and then put my boot-hosen and my spurres therein; give me my slippers."

66. *The humour of forty fancies.* Perhaps, as Steevens suggests, the title of a collection of ballads; the book being rolled up and stuck in the hat instead of a plume. But, according to Malone, a *fancy* was a kind of ornament worn in a hat — a "bunch of ribbons," as some say. For *pricked in* = stuck in, or pinned in, cf. Bacon, *Essay* 18: "And let it appeare, that he doth not change his Country Manners, for those of Forraigne Parts; But onely, prick in some Flowers, of that he hath Learned abroad, into the Customes of his owne Country."

70. *Pricks.* Incites. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 207, *J. C.* ii. 1. 124, etc.

84. *Enter* PETRUCHIO. Cf. the old play: —

> Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.
>
> *Feran.* Godmorrow father, *Polidor* well met,
> You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
> *Alfon.* I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
> That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
> But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
> *Feran.* Thus richlie father you should haue said,
> For when my wife and I am married once,
> Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
> Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
> And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
> For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
> And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
> For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
> Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
> If once they lie within the Lions pawes

As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie Ferando not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

105. *Enforced to digress.* Compelled to deviate from my promise (Johnson). Cf. ii. 1. 317 above. He means that to disappoint Katherine of promised finery is part of his taming scheme; and that when hereafter he shall explain this, they will all be well "satisfied withal."

110. *Unreverent.* Used by S. interchangeably with *unreverend.*

121. *Lovely.* Apparently = "loving," which has been proposed as an emendation.

126. *But to her love.* The early eds. read "But sir, Loue," etc. The emendation in the text is due to White and is adopted by the Cambridge editors and others.

130. *Skills.* Signifies, matters. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 295: "so it skills not much when they are delivered;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 281: "It skills not greatly."

138. *Steal our marriage.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 233: "their stolen marriage-day." *Marriage* is here a trisyllable; as in *R. of L.* 221, where it rhymes with *rage* and *sage.* See also *M. of V.* ii. 9. 13, 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 55, etc.

145. *Quaint.* Fine; ironical. Cf. iv. 3. 103 below.

147–181. *Signior Gremio . . . the minstrels play.* I do not believe that S. wrote this part of the scene. A new scene should probably begin with what follows.

148. *As willingly*, etc. A proverbial saying, found in Ray's collection (Steevens).

149. *Is.* A singular verb is often used with two singular nominatives. Cf. 244 below.

150. *Groom.* There is a play upon the word.

154. *The devil's dam.* Cf. i. 1. 105. See also *K. John*, ii. 1. 128, *Oth.* iv. 1. 153, etc.

158. *By gogs-wouns.* A corruption of *By God's wounds*, like *'swounds* and *zounds.*

161. *Took him such a cuff.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 75: "And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 231: "I will take thee a box on the ear," etc.

169. *Carousing to.* Drinking healths to. Cf. 223 below. See also *Ham.* v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc. Steevens shows by many quotations from contemporaneous writers that the old custom of drinking wine immediately after the marriage ceremony was kept up in the time of S. Cf. *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "The muscadine stays for the bride at church," etc. The *sops* were cakes or wafers dipped in the wine. Farmer quotes a wedding canzonet, set to music by Morley, 1606: "Sops in wine, spice-cakes are a-dealing," etc.

173. *Hungerly.* As if starved. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 105: "They eat us hungerly," etc. *Hungrily* is not found in S.

176. *Kiss'd her lips.* This was also part of the marriage ceremony. Malone cites the *Manuale Sarum*, 1533: "Surgunt ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." Steevens adds from Marston, *Insatiate Countess:* "The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take."

190. *Entreat me rather go*, etc. For the ellipsis of *to*, see on i. 1. 175 above.

202. *Horse.* Sometimes used for the plural; as perhaps in ind. 1. 61. Cf. *Sonn.* 91. 4: "Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse" (rhyming with "force"); 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 5. 31: "Or horse or oxen from the leopard," etc. See p. 143 (6) above.

203. *The oats have eaten the horses.* Probably meant to be a blundering inversion, like Launcelot's "You may tell every finger I have with my ribs" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 114; but the critics have tried to find a subtle significance in it. Steevens thinks it means that the horses are not worth the oats they have eaten.

209. *Whiles your boots are green.* That is, while they are freshly greased (Clarke). Perhaps *green* is simply = fresh, new (sarcastic here, of course, as his boots were old); and the expression may have been proverbial.

212. *Roundly.* Bluntly, unceremoniously. See also on i. 2. 58 above.

222. *Domineer.* Indulge yourselves without restraint (Schmidt). The word was often used of riotous revelling. Halliwell-Phillipps cites *Tarlton's Jests:* "Tarlton having been domineering very late with one of his friends;" and Taylor, *Works*, 1630: —

> "One man 's addicted to blaspheme and sweare,
> A second to carowse and domineere."

S. uses the word only here and in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 179: "a domineering pedant o'er the boy."

223. *Maidenhead.* Maidenhood; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *Godhead* and the old *lustihead, livelihead*, etc.

226. *Look not big.* That is, angrily or threateningly. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 113: "if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run," etc.

230. *My any thing.* An allusion to *Exodus*, xx. 17; and Halliwell-Phillipps cites several parallel ones in writers of the time.

232. *He.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 414: "I am that he, that unfortunate he," etc.

237. *Buckler.* Shield, defend. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 216:

"But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 99: "Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree."

243. *Is Kated.* Has got a Kate; with possibly a play on *cat.* See on ii. 1. 271 above.

244. *Wants.* Are wanting. See on 149 above.

246. *Junkets.* Dainties, good things; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. Hollyband, *Fr. Dict.*, 1593: "*Dragée*, junkets, comfites;" and *Witts Recreations*, 1654:—

> "Tarts and custards, cream and cakes,
> Are the junkets still at wakes."

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 3. *Rayed.* Soiled, dirtied; that is by the *foul ways*, or bad roads. Cf. iii. 2. 52 above.

5. *A little pot*, etc. Alluding to the proverb, "A little pot is soon hot." Steevens cites *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Though I be but a little pot, I shall be as soon hot as another."

10. *Taller.* There is a play on the other sense of the word = stout. See iv. 4. 17 below.

19. *Cast on no water.* Alluding to the old catch:—

> "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth!
> Fire, fire, fire, fire!
> Cast on water, cast on water!"

25. *I am no beast.* Grumio has said "winter tames man, woman, and *beast;* for it hath tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*," and then he adds "*fellow* Curtis," which Curtis takes as Rosalind (*A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 49) pretends to take Phebe's compliment, "Meaning *me* a beast."

28. *On.* Often = *of.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 157: "such stuff as dreams are made on," etc.

40. *Jack, boy! ho! boy!* The beginning of an old catch, the

words and music of which are given in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609. It runs thus: —

> "Jacke boy, ho boy, Newes:
> The cat is in the well;
> Let us sing now for her knell
> Ding dong, ding dong, bell!"

Of course the word *news* suggests it to Grumio.

42. *Cony-catching.* Commonly = cheating (as in v. 1. 98 below, and in *M. W.* i. 1. 108, i. 3. 36), but here apparently = trickery or foolery.

45. *Rushes strewed.* Referring to the old custom of strewing floors with rushes. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 289: "the presence strew'd," etc.

48. *Be the jacks*, etc. As Steevens notes, there is a play upon both *jacks* and *jills*, which mean two kinds of vessels for drinking, as well as men and maid servants. "The *jacks*, being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather." For the personal use of *Jack* and *Jill*, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 461: "Jack shall have Jill," etc.

Carpets. Probably here = table-covers. Halliwell-Phillipps cites an inventory of 1590 among the Stratford-on-Avon MSS.: "A carpet for a table;" and Melton, *Astrologaster*, 1620: "a square table covered with a greene carpet." Carpets were also used for window-seats, but were "very seldom placed on the floor except to kneel upon or for special purposes." Cf. the figure in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 50: "Upon the grassy carpet of this plain." *Carpet-monger*, in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 32, means one who is at home on carpets, or among the ladies.

61. *Sensible.* There is a play upon the word; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 27: "Thou art sensible in nothing but blows," etc.

66. *Of.* Equivalent to *on*, as *on* to *of* in 28 above.

72. *Bemoiled.* Bemired, bedraggled; used by S. only here.

77. *Burst.* Broken. See on ind. 1. 8 above.

81. *Shrew.* The word was "anciently applicable to either sex," as Steevens says. Cf. Palsgrave: "Schrewe, an yvell man, *maulvais;* schrewe, an yvell woman, *maulvaise.*" This, however, is not needed to explain the rhetorical use of the word here. We might say the same thing nowadays.

87. *Slickly.* The early eds. have "slickely" or "slickly," which we still hear in New England. The common reading is "sleekly."

Blue coats. The dress of common serving-men. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 47: "Blue coats to tawny coats" (the latter being the distinctive garb of the retainers of ecclesiastical dignitaries).

88. *Of an indifferent knit.* Johnson and Steevens explain *indifferent* as "not different"; that is, the garters are to be matched, not odd ones. Schmidt makes the word = "ordinary, common, neither striking nor shocking." Halliwell-Phillipps also makes it = "of the ordinary tie, not looped too conspicuously;" which he shows to have been one of the fashionable affectations of the time. He notes, incidentally, that mottoes were sometimes put upon garters; and quotes *The Welsh Levite*, 1691: "Our garters, bellows, and warming-pans weare Godly mottos."

Curtsy with their left legs. "Make their bows with their left legs stuck out" (Clarke). For *curtsy* used of men, see *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 56 or 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 116.

95. *Countenance.* Here = "grace, honour" (Schmidt). So *credit* in 100 = do honour to.

109. *Spruce.* The word originally had no contemptuous or disparaging sense. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 985: "the spruce and jocund Spring." But in the only other instances in which S. uses it (*L. L. L.* v. 1. 14, v. 2. 406) it carries with it the idea of affectation.

114. *Cock's.* A common corruption or rather disguise of the name of God. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 61: "by Cock!" etc.

116. *Where be these knaves?* Cf. the old play:—

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate:* where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

He beates them all.
They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

125. *Malt-horse.* A brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 32: "Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!" See also 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 10: "a brewer's horse."

129. *Unpink'd.* "Not pierced with eyelet-holes" (Schmidt *et al.*); but the holes or *pinkings* were probably for mere ornament, not for holding strings. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 50: "her pinked porringer" (that is, bonnet), where some such mode of ornamentation seems to be meant.

130. *No link to colour Peter's hat.* A *link* was a pitch torch ; and old black hats that had become rusty were sometimes rejuvenated in a rough way by smoking them with a link. Steevens cites Greene, *Mihil Mumchance:* "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoake of an old linke."

131. *Sheathing.* That is, having a new sheath made for it.

132. *Fine.* Trim, in proper livery.

136. *Where is the life*, etc. A scrap of an old song, quoted also by Pistol in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 146.

138. *Soud.* Johnson explains the word as = "sweet," but Malone is probably right in considering it "a word coined by the poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued."

139. *Why, when, I say?* A common expression of impatience. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 5: "When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! "

141. *It was the friar*, etc. A bit of another old song or ballad now lost. Bishop Percy's *The Friar of Orders Grey* is made up of this and other lyrical fragments scattered through the plays of S.

147. *My cousin Ferdinand.* "This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Catherine a hint that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus" (Steevens). But as cousin Ferdinand does not obey, it is difficult to see how Kate was to profit by the "hint." Cf. the mention of "Imogen" as the wife of Leonato in the first stage-direction of *Much Ado* (in the folio); and of Antonio's "son" in *The Tempest* (i. 2. 437), who does not appear in the play.

150. *Wash.* It was the custom to wash the hands before and after eating. It will be recollected that knives and forks, especially the latter, were only beginning to be used at table in that day. S. does not mention forks, and Ben Jonson refers to them as a luxury of recent introduction. See *The Devil is an Ass*, v. 3:—

" *Sledge.* Forks? what be they?
Meercraft. The laudable use of forks
Brought into custom, as they are in Italy,
To the sparing of napkins;"

and *Volpone*, iv. 1: —

"Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass (these are main matters
With your Italian); and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons and your figs."

Beaumont and Fletcher (*Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1) refer contemptuously to "the fork-carving traveller." Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, notes it as a curious fact that "the Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe always at their meales use a little forke when they eat their meate;" and he says that a friend of his called him "a table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding." Cf. note on ii. 1. 344 above.

151. *Will you let it fall?* Some editors assume that the servant has let the ewer fall; but the question does not imply this, but only that he holds the vessel awry or spills some of the water.

152. *Patience*, etc. "This little speech of Katherine's affords an evidence of what, to our minds, S. subtly conveys in the drawing of her character — that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another* — a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake;* also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kate;* thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and consideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katherine how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home" (Clarke). It may be added that none of these delicate touches are to be found

in the old play; they are Shakespeare's own, like so many others that might be noted as raising the composition to a higher dramatic plane — though it was better than the average of its time before he retouched it. Cf. pp. 13–15 above.

154. *I know you have a stomach.* Perhaps there is a play on *stomach*, which meant choler as well as appetite. Cf. the quibble in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92; and see v. 2. 176 below.

162. *Joltheads.* Blockheads; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 290: "Fie on thee, jolthead!" *Unmanner'd* occurs again in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 39.

164. *Disquiet.* The only instance of the adjective in S. *Disquietly* occurs in *Lear*, i. 2. 124.

168. *Engenders choler.* Meat overdone or burnt was believed to have this effect. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 60: —

"*Antipholus.* Well, sir, then it will be dry.
Dromio. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.
Antipholus. Your reason?
Dromio. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting."

See also on iv. 3. 25 below.

169. *Both of us.* Clarke remarks: "Be it observed that Petruchio — or rather S. through him — well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this."

174. *Bring.* Accompany, escort. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 2, *W. T.* iv. 3. 122, etc.

180. *That. So* that; as often.

187. *Stoop.* Yield, submit; with a reference to its technical

sense in falconry of coming down on the prey. A hawk overfed was considered untractable. Steevens quotes *The Tragedie of Crœsus*, 1604: —

> "And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vain pleasures,
> At random flies, and wots not where he is;"

and *The Book of Haukyng:* "ye shall say your hauke is full-gorged, and not cropped." The *lure* was a stuffed bird used in training the hawk to return after it had flown.

189. *To man my haggard.* To tame my wild hawk. Cf. the use of *unmanned* in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 14: "Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks." For *haggard*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 36: —

> "I know her spirits are as coy and wild
> As haggards of the rock."

191. *To watch her.* To keep her from sleep. *Watch* in this sense was a term in falconry. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 45: "you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 23: "I 'll watch him tame."

192. *Bate.* Another term in falconry = flutter, or flap the wings. See the quotation from *R. and J.* just above. The word was also spelt *bait*. *Beat* here seems to be a mere repetition of *bate*, as Schmidt explains it. The words had the same pronunciation. Cf. the play upon them in *W. T.* ii. 3. 92: "who late hath beat her husband and now baits me."

194. *Last night she slept not.* As that was before the marriage it is not easy to see how Petruchio could know about it.

199. *Hurly.* Hurlyburly, tumult. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 25: "That with the hurly death itself awakes," etc. *Intend* = pretend; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 35: "intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio," etc.

204. *To kill a wife with kindness.* A familiar expression, which suggested the title of Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness.*

206. *Shrew.* For the rhyme, see on v. 2. 188 below.

SCENE II. — 3. *Bears me fair in hand.* Gives me fair encouragement, flatters me with false hopes. Cf. *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 42: "to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!"

8. *The Art to Love.* An allusion to Ovid's poem with that title.

11. *Proceeders.* Malone says: "Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, etc., is the academical term." S. uses the word nowhere else. The metre of the speech is poor, and it may have been meant for prose.

14. *Unconstant.* S. uses the word several times, but *inconstant* oftener.

20. *Cullion.* A mean fellow. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 22: "avaunt, you cullions!" Malone cites Florio: "*Coglione*, a cuglion, a gull, a meacock" (see on ii. 1. 309 above).

34. *Beastly.* For the adverbial use, see on ind. 2. 60.

39. *Haggard.* See on iv. 1. 189 above.

45. *Longeth.* Belongeth; but not to be printed as a contraction of that word. Cf. iv. 4. 7 below.

53. *He says so, Tranio?* A question, I think, though all the eds. make it an assertion.

54. *The taming-school.* Cf. the old play: —

> *Val.* . . .
> But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?
> *Aurel.* He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
> And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.
> *Vale.* He saies so.
> *Aurel.* Faith he 's gon vnto the taming schoole.
> *Vale.* The taming schoole; why is there such a place?
> *Aurel.* I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.

57. *Eleven and twenty.* "An allusion to the game of *one-and-thirty*" (Clarke). See on i. 2. 33 above. Douce takes it to be = eleven score. Neither explanation is satisfactory. It may be merely a slang expression, the origin of which cannot be traced.

58. *Charm her chattering tongue.* See on i. 1. 210 above.

60. *Dog-weary.* "Tired as a dog," as the vulgar saying still is.

These canine similes are often pointless. Taylor the Water-Poet, in his *Dogge of Warre*, makes sport of them: "But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge (when a Dogge never sweates), as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once, That his Wife was not to be believ'd, for she would lye like a Dogge," etc. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 22 (Trinculo's speech): "but you 'll lie like dogs," etc.

61. *An ancient angel.* An "ill angel" (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 186) for the critics, who have been at their wits' ends to suggest emendations; as, for instance, "engle" (= gull), "gentle" or "gentleman," "morsel," "ambler," "antick," "uncle," etc. It may have been a sort of cant term for a good old soul. Cotgrave translates *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "An old angell; and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." If we do not accept this explanation, we may perhaps assume that Biondello, after being so long on the watch, welcomes the old fellow as a heaven-sent messenger. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 27: —

> "yea, at that very moment,
> Consideration, like an angel, came," etc.

In the troublesome passage in *K. John*, v. 2. 64 ("And even there, methinks, an angel spake"), the reference seems to be to the unexpected but opportune appearance of "the holy legate."

63. *Mercatante.* Merchant (Italian). It is spelt "Marcantant" in the early eds. *Pedant* = schoolmaster; as in *T. N.* iii. 2. 80: "a pedant that keeps a school i' the church," etc. Cf. iii. 1. 4, 47, 86 above. Florio defines the Italian *pedante* as "a pedante or a schoole-master."

80. *That goes hard.* That is bad. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 2: "When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 77.

81. *'T is death*, etc. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 19 fol.

95. *Pisa renowned*, etc. A repetition of i. 1. 10 above.

101. *And all one.* And no matter what. The expressions *all is one, it 's all one, all 's one for that*, etc. (= it is all the same, it does not matter) occur often in S.

106. *Undertake.* Assume.

117. *To pass assurance.* In the legal sense of making a conveyance or settlement. See on ii. 1. 383 above.

SCENE III. — *Enter* KATHERINA, etc. Cf. the old play: —

Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my Maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;
Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex Omnes.*

5. *Present.* Immediate; as in 14 below, and often elsewhere.

13. *As who should say.* As if to say. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 93, i. 2. 51, *Rich. II.* v. 4. 8, *Macb.* iii. 6. 42, etc.

17. *Neat's foot.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 125: "The steer, the heifer, and the calf are all called neat." *Neat* is still used in this bovine sense; but I have seen "neat's tongue" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 112) explained in a school ed. as "sheep's tongue."

25. *Too hot.* In *The Glass of Humours*, quoted by Reed, a choleric man is advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," etc. See on iv. 1. 168 above.

36. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 43: "Trip no further, pretty sweeting;" and *Oth.* ii. 3. 252: "All 's well now, sweeting." *Amort* = dejected, dispirited. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 124: "What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief," etc.

43. *Is sorted to no proof.* Proves to be to no purpose. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 98: "There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof" (that is, prove to be worth anything). For *sort* = choose, select, cf. *R. and J.* iv. 2. 34: "To help me sort such needful ornaments," etc.

47. *I thank you, sir.* "This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand*, excellently depict the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katherine's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself" (Clarke).

52. *Honey.* For the adjective use, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 18: "honey nurse," etc.

56. *Fardingales.* Farthingales, or hoops. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 51: "What compass will you wear your farthingale?" *W. T.* iii. 3. 69: "a semi-circled farthingale," etc.

Things. Johnson thus laments over the word: "Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose *rings*

and *things*, but it would make little improvement." Of course the word is used either with a slight touch of masculine contempt (like *knavery* just below) or as a reminiscence of some song. See on ii. 1. 319 above. Marshall remarks that the word "does not necessarily imply any idea of meanness or unimportance," and cites *Cor.* iv. 5. 122: "Thou noble thing!"

57. *Bravery.* Finery. See on ind. 1. 40 above.

60. *Ruffling.* Probably = rustling, as Schmidt explains it (cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 304, where the quartos have "russel"); or perhaps = ruffled, as Malone suggests, though he prefers the other interpretation. Pope changed it to "rustling."

61. *Come, tailor*, etc. Cf. the old play: —

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate?*
Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.
She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate:* here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.
Feran. Let me see it *Taylor:* what with cuts and iagges.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.
Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.
Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.
San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.
Feran. Well sir goe forward.
Taylor. Item. a loose bodied gowne.
San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.
Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.
Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.
San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou 'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. *Taylor* come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*
Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,

To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.
Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come backe againe we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go. *Exeunt Omnes.*

62. *The gown.* Women's gowns were usually made by men in the time of S. Malone quotes the "Epistle to the Ladies" prefixed to Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "If a taylor make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher," etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 161, where Feeble says that his "trade" is "a woman's tailor."

63. *Here is the cap*, etc. In the early eds. the speech has the prefix "*Fel.*," which is probably the abbreviation of some actor's name.

64. *Porringer.* The only other instance of the word in S. is the one quoted in the note on iv. 1. 129 above.

65. *A velvet dish.* The same expression occurs in the *Returne from Pernassus*, 1606: "with a rounde velvet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte." *Lewd* = vile, mean; as often (not = licentious). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 13: "such lewd, such mean attempts," etc. See also *Acts*, xvii. 5, and cf. *lewdness* in *Id.* xviii. 14.

67. *Knack.* Knick-knack, trifle. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 34: "Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats," etc. *Trick* has here the same meaning as *knack* and *toy*.

76. *Endur'd me say.* For the ellipsis of *to*, see on i. 1. 175 and iii. 2. 190 above.

83. *Custard-coffin.* The raised crust of a custard or pie was called a *coffin*. See *T. A.* v. 2. 189: —

> "And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
> And make two pasties," etc.

Cf. also Jonson, *Staple of News*, ii. 1: —

> "if you spend
> The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth,
> Cast so, that I may have the coffins all
> Return'd here, and pil'd up: I would be thought
> To keep some kind of house;"

and *Gypsies Metamorphosed:* "coffin'd in crust." In his *Bartholomew Fair*, he has a comparison similar to the present: "for all her velvet custard on her head." Douce quotes an old MS. book of cookery: "and then cover the coffyn, but save a litell hole to blow into the coffyn, with thy mouth, a gode blast; and sodenly stoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryse up the coffyn that it falle nott down."

88. *Masquing.* Fit only for a masquerade.

89. *Demi-cannon.* A kind of ordnance; mentioned by S. only here.

92. *Censer.* "These censers had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on" (Steevens).

97. *If you be remember'd.* If you recollect. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131: "And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me," etc.

99. *Kennel.* Gutter; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 71: "kennel, puddle, sink."

103. *Quaint.* Fine, elegant. See on iii. 2. 145 above. We have it used of feminine dress again in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 22: "a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion." *Commendable* is accented on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S. except in *M. of V.* i. 1. 111.

104. *Belike.* See on ind. 1. 75 above.

109. *Thou winter-cricket.* The familiar "cricket on the hearth." Petruchio refers to its "chattering noisy habit" (Marshall).

110. *With.* By; as very often.

111. *Quantity.* Sometimes = a very small quantity. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 23: "Retaining but a quantity of life;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 70: "If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow."

112. *Be-mete.* Measure; used by S. only here.

113. *As thou*, etc. That you 'll remember your prating impudence as long as you live. *As* = that; as often after *so*. See on i. 1. 33.

124. *Braved many men.* That is, made them fine. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 279: —

> "Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
> He should have brav'd the east an hour ago."

Cf. *bravery* in 57 above, and *brave* in ind. 1. 40. Here there is a play upon the word.

132. *Loose-bodied.* Steevens conjectures that this should be "loose body's," as in the old play, which is closely followed here.

133. *Bottom.* A ball of thread. Nares quotes the play of *Sir Thomas More*: —

> "And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
> Is when the thred of hayday is once sponn,
> A bottom greate woond up greatly undonn."

Cf. the verb (= wind) in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 53: —

> "Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
> Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
> You must provide to bottom it on me."

136. *Compassed.* Round, circular. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 120: "the compassed window" (bow-window).

138. *A trunk sleeve.* A large wide sleeve. Clarke cites Planché, *British Costumes* (an entry of the time of Henry VIII.): "a pair

of truncke sleeves of redde cloth of gold, *with cut workes*, having twelve pair of agletes (see on i. 2. 78 above) of gold."

148. *Bill.* Grumio intends a play on *bill*, which also meant a kind of halberd. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 131, *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191, and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 135.

150. *God-a-mercy.* God have mercy! Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 58, etc. *No odds* = no chance. Cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 207: "The odds for high and low 's alike."

167. *Even in these*, etc. This line is taken bodily from the old play. See the extract above.

171. *Peereth.* Looks out, comes to view. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 1: "When daffodils begin to peer," etc. It is transitive in *R. of L.* 472. White (who prints "peereth") is very severe upon the editors for "taking this for the verb *to peer*, in spite of the pitiful sense, or rather nonsense, which it gives." He adds: "Were the line 'So honour peereth *from* the meanest habit,' there would be some excuse for the reading; but the idea of 'honour peering *in* the meanest habit' is too absurd to merit a moment's attention." But in *W. T.* iv. 4. 3 White has "Peering in April's front," as all the eds. have.

172. *What, is*, etc. The early eds. have "What is," which the Cambridge editors follow. It is true that *what* is often used elliptically = for what? why?; but here the form of the succeeding question favours the pointing in the text, which is generally adopted.

175. *Contents.* Pleases; as often. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 93, *Ham.* iii. 1. 24, etc.

177. *Furniture.* Furnishing, dress. In *A. W.* ii. 3. 65 it means the trappings of a horse; and in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 226 the equipments of soldiers.

182. *Long-lane.* There was a street of that name near Smithfield, in London.

185. *Dinner-time.* In the time of S. the usual hour for dinner among the higher classes was eleven o'clock, with supper between six and seven.

Scene IV. — 2. *But.* Unless. See on iii. 1. 61 above.

5. *The Pegasus.* Steevens says that the poet "has taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua;" but, as Clarke remarks, it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England.

7. *Longeth.* See on iv. 2. 45 above.

11. *Throughly.* Thoroughly. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 136, etc.

17. *Tall.* See on iv. 1. 10 above. *Hold thee* = take thou.

36. *Curious.* Scrupulous. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 2. 35, *Cymb.* i. 6. 191, etc.

45. *Pass.* Assure, convey; a legal term. Cf. iv. 2. 117 above.

48. *Know.* A suspicious word. "Hold," "trow," etc. have been suggested as emendations.

49. *Affied.* Affianced; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 80:—

> "For daring to affy a mighty lord
> Unto the daughter of a worthless king."

52. *Pitchers have ears.* The proverb is quoted again in *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 37.

54. *Happily.* Haply. See on i. 2. 55 above.

55. *An it like you.* If it please you. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 16: "this lodging likes me better," etc.

56. *Lie.* Lodge, sojourn; as often. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 137: "Where lies Sir Proteus?"

57. *Pass.* Transact; perhaps suggested by *pass* in 45 above.

59. *Scrivener.* One who writes contracts; used by S. only here.

61. *Pittance.* Explained by Herford as = "diet;" which is favoured by 70 below.

62. *Biondello.* The early eds. have "Cambio." There is evidently some mistake; but it seems better to change "Cambio" to "Biondello" in 62 than "*Bion.*" to "*Luc.*" in 67, as most editors do. "The supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and, moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits

till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master. The line 67 is as suitable to the faithful servant as to the master himself" (Cambridge ed.). It may be noted that *Biondello* fills out the measure in 62, while "Cambio" does not.

70. *One mess.* A single dish, a plain dinner.

90. *Expect.* The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d (as in some modern eds.) to "except;" but, as Clarke remarks, "the whole speech represents hurried talking, and *expect* here stands for 'believe that,' 'take for granted that.'"

92. *Cum privilegio*, etc. The words which were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted for printing them; with a reference, of course, to the exclusive rights which marriage confers.

103. *Appendix.* Biondello is still using terms borrowed from printing, and applies the term *appendix* figuratively to the wife whom Lucentio intends to add to his possessions.

104. *Contented.* Pleased. See on iv. 3. 175 above.

106. *Roundly.* Without circumlocution. See on i. 2. 58 above.

SCENE V. — 2. *Goodly.* For the adverbial use, see on iv. 2. 34 above. Cf. the old play here: —

> *Feran.* Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
> Methinkes.
> *Kate.* The moone? why husband you are deceiued
> It is the sun.
> *Feran.* Yet againe come back againe it shall be
> The moone ere we come at your fathers.
> *Kate.* Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
> *Feran.* Iesus saue the glorious moone.
> *Kate.* Iesus saue the glorious moone.
> *Feran.* I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
> I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
> But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
> And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
> And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,

We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone*.

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens?*

Ferando speakes to the olde man.

Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,

This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

8. *Or ere.* A reduplication, *or* being = before.

9. *Go on.* That is, "Go on to Long Lane end" (see iv. 3. 182 above), where the horses had been sent to await their coming.

25. *Against the bias.* The *bias* was the weight put on one side of the *bowl* to affect its direction. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 5: "my fortune runs against the bias."

30. *War of white and red.* Cf. *R. of L.* 71: "Their silent war of lilies and of roses."

47. *Green.* With perhaps a play on the word in its sense of young.

53. *Mistress.* Probably a trisyllable, as Steevens makes it.

54. *Encounter.* Address, greeting.

57. *Which.* For *whom*, as often.

68. *Embrace with.* The only instance of the combination in S. — and this is probably not his. The same may be said of *joyous of* just below.

76. *Jealous.* Suspicious; as in *R. and J.* v. 3. 33, *Lear*, v. 1. 56, etc.

78. *Have to my widow!* See on i. 1. 140 above.

79. *Untoward.* Refractory, perverse. S. uses the word elsewhere only in *K. John*, i. 1. 243: "thou most untoward knave."

ACT V

SCENE I. — 14. *Toward.* At hand. See on i. 1. 68 above.

15. *You were best.* It would be best for you.

26. *Frivolous circumstances.* Trifling details.

30. *Padua.* Some adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture of "Pisa;" but he means that he has been staying at Padua.

39. *Under my countenance.* That is, by "putting on my countenance" (see i. 1. 229 above).

41. *Good shipping!* A happy voyage, good luck.

44. *Crack-hemp.* That is, one who deserves hanging. The more common word was *crack-rope;* as in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571: "Handsomely, thou crack-rope!" *Crack-halter* is also found.

66. *A copatain hat.* A high-crowned hat. Cf. Gascoigne, in his *Councell to Withipoll* (quoted by Marshall): "A Copitaine hatte made on a Flemish blocke." Elsewhere we find "high-copt hats," "felt hats, copple-tanked," "a coptankt hat," etc. which appear to be of similar origin and meaning.

68. *Husband.* Economist; one who is careful and frugal. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 142: —

"Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband," etc.

In 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 12 it means husbandman, farmer.

72. *Ancient.* Old. See on iv. 2. 61 above.

90. *Call forth an officer.* Here in the old play Sly interposes thus: —

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary?*
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim?* thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

98. *Cony-catched.* Cheated, tricked. See on iv. 1. 42 above.

107. *Haled.* Dragged away by force. Cf. *Cor.* v. 4. 40: —

"The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down," etc.

116. *Supposes.* "Suppositions" (Schmidt), or "appearances, assumed characters" (Clarke). Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi* (see p. 12 above) is entitled "The Supposes."

Eyne. The old plural of *eye*, often used for the sake of the rhyme; as in *V. and A.* 633, *R. of L.* 643, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 242, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 50, etc. In *R. of L.* 1229 it is not required by the rhyme. *Blear'd* = dimmed; as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 221.

117. *Packing.* Plotting; as in *Lear*, iii. 1. 26: "in snuffs and packings of the dukes."

124. *Bear my countenance.* Cf. i. 1. 229 above.

137. *My cake is dough.* Cf. i. 1. 108 above.

SCENE II. — 9. *Banquet.* Dessert. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 124. Nares quotes Massinger, *Unnatural Combat:* —

> "We 'll dine in the great room, but let the music
> And banquet be prepared here;"

and Taylor, *Pennilesse Pilgrim:* "our first and second course being threescore dishes at one boord, and after that alwayes a banquet." A play on *stomach* has been suggested: something to *end our strife* with, as well as our feasting. Cf. iv. 1. 154 above.

16. *Fears.* The word meant to affright (see on i. 2. 210 above) as well as to be afraid of. The widow takes it here in the former sense.

21. *Roundly.* With a play on the word. See on i. 2. 58 above.

32. *Respecting you.* Compared with you.

36. *That 's my office.* The same quibble occurs in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 292–294.

37. *Ha' to thee!* Here 's to thee!

41. *Horn.* The "cuckold's horn" (*W. T.* i. 2. 269).

45. *Bitter.* The early eds. have "better;" corrected by Capell (the conjecture of Theobald). Some editors retain "better." Cf. iii. 2. 13 above, and *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 174.

49. *Prevented.* Anticipated. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 94, *J. C.* v. 1. 105, *Ham.* ii. 2. 305, etc.

52. *Slipp'd me.* Started me, as one *lets slip* a greyhound. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 39: —

> "Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
> Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
> To let him slip at will."

The *leash* or noose in which the hound was held was also called the *slip;* as in *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 31: —

> "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start."

54. *Swift.* Quick, prompt; with a play on the word.

56. *At a bay.* At bay; the hunter's term when a deer is driven to extremity and turns to face its pursuers. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 52: —

> "If we be English deer, be then in blood;
> Not, rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
> But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
> Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
> And make the cowards stand aloof at bay."

58. *Gird.* Gibe, sarcasm; literally, a cut with a switch or whip. Cf. 1 *Hen VI.* iii. 1. 131.

63. *In good sadness.* In all seriousness. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 230: "In good sadness, I do not know."

65. *For assurance.* To "make assurance double sure" (*Macb.* iv. 1. 83), to settle the question.

Compare the old play here: —

> *Feran.* Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
> How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?
> *Aurel.* Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
> Who will come sownest at their husbands call.
> *Pol.* Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
> For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
> Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soon as yours.
Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.
Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.
Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.
Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay fiue hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?
Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue; and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.
Aurel. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiues
Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.
Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.
Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.
Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.
Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.
Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.
Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send my wife first, *Valeria*
Go bid your Mistris come to me.
Val. I will my lord. *Exit Valeria.*
Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.
Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.
Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris?
Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.
Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.
Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.
Feran. Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.
Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither.
Boy. I will sir. *Ex Boy.*
Feran. I so so he desiers her to come.
Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?
Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.
Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse than a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.
Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answere your wife will make.
Feran. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie. *Exit Sander.*

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife she will not come.
Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander.*

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.
Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?
Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.
Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.
Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.
She takes of her cap and treads on it.
Pol. Oh wounderfull metamorphosis.
Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.
Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.
Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.
Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee!
Kate. I will.
Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.
Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.
Feran. Tis well don *Kate.*
Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.
Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.
Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?
Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man.
Olde *Adam* and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was *Adam* doomd to die,
As *Sara* to her husband so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president Ile first begin
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.
She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.
Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.
Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
For *Kate* and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.
Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.
Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?
Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.
Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso and Valeria.
Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou man?
Pol. I say thou art a shrew.
Eme. Thats better then sheepe.
Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.
Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then follows the passage quoted in the note on 189 below.

72. *Of.* See on iv. 1. 66 above.

74. *A match!* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 34: "A match!" (as here, agreeing to a wager).

98. *And there an end.* And that 's the end of it, there 's no more to be said. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 65, ii. 1. 168, *Rich. II.* v. 1. 69, etc.

99. *By my holidame.* Probably equivalent to "by my halidom;" that is, by my holiness or sanctity, upon my sacred oath. Some take it to be = "by my holy dame," or by the Virgin. "By my halidom" occurs in *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 136.

104. *Swinge.* Lash, whip. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 88, iii. 1. 392, *M. W.* v. 5. 197, *K. John*, ii. 1. 288, etc.

109. *Awful.* Inspiring awe or respect. Clarke explains it as "lawful, legitimately authorized."

111. *Fair befall thee!* Good fortune be thine! Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 282: "Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!"

115. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 155 above.

118. *New-built.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 59: "Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends."

The repetition of *obedience* is suspicious; but it may be simply emphatic. The Cambridge editors conjecture "and her gentleness" or "and her patience."

129. *The more fool you,* etc. Clarke remarks: "This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax to the delineation of Bianca's character. S. has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

Laying on. Laying a wager on. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 85: —

> "Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
> And on the wager lay two earthly women," etc.

136. *Unkind.* Accented on the first syllable, as usual *before* a noun. Cf. *Lear,* iii. 4. 73: "To such a lowness but his unkind daughters;" *Oth.* iv. 1. 238: "An unkind breach; but you shall make all well," etc.

142. *Mov'd.* Vexed, angry. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 260: "Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods," etc.

145. *Will deign. As* (or *who)* will deign.

161. *Simple.* Silly, foolish.

162. *To offer. As* to offer. See on iii. 1. 10 above.

166. *Unapt.* Unfit; as in *R. of L.* 695: —

> "the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
> Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight."

167. *Soft conditions.* Gentle qualities. Cf. *Much Ado,* iii. 2. 68: "his ill conditions," etc.

169. *Unable.* Weak; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 4: "sapless age and weak unable limbs," etc.

172. *To bandy word for word.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 49: "I will not bandy with thee word for word."

174. *Compare.* For the noun, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 42, iii. 5. 236, etc.

176. *Vail your stomachs.* "Abate your pride, your spirit" (Steevens). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 129: "The bloody Douglas . . . Gan vail his stomach," etc. *Vail* is literally = lower, let fall. Cf. *V. and A.* 314: "He vails his tail;" *Id.* 956: "She vail'd her eyelids," etc. For *stomach*, cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 24: "an unbounded stomach," etc. *It is no boot* = it is of no avail; as in 1. *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 52.

Pope put lines 176–189 in the margin as spurious, as I believe they are.

182. *Toward.* Docile; the opposite of *froward.* Cf. *V. and A.* 1157: "Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward."

185. *You are sped.* You are "done for," your fate is settled; that is, you have both got unruly wives. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 72: "So be gone; you are sped;" and *R. and J.* iii. 1. 94: "I am sped."

186. *Hit the white.* Hit the white centre of the target; alluding to the name *Bianca* = white (Italian): "you won Bianca."

188. *Shrew.* Probably to be pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *shrow;* and so also in iv. 1. 206 above, and in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 46. White compares *strew*, *sew*, and *shew* (*show*). Here the folio has "shrow;" but in iv. 1. 206, 207 "shrew" and "shew."

189. *Exeunt.* In the old play Sly is disposed of at the close as follows: —

> Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
> Owne apparell againe and leaues him
> Where they found, him, and then goes out.
> Then enter the *Tapster*.
>
> *Tapster.* Now that the darksome night is ouerpast,
> And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
> Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
> What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
> Ile wake him, I think he 's starued by this,
> But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
> What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Slie, Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

In the revival of the play in London in 1846–1847, the difficulty of getting rid of Sly here was ingeniously overcome thus: "At the end of each act no drop curtain came down, but music was played while the servants brought the bewildered tinker wine and refreshments, of which he partook freely. During the fifth act he appeared to fall gradually into a heavy drunken stupor, and when the last line of the play was spoken, the actors made their usual bow, and, the nobleman advancing and making a sign to his domestics, they lifted Sly out of his chair, and as they bore him to the door the curtain descended slowly upon the picture. Not a word was uttered, and the termination of the play was indicated by the single movement of the *dramatis personæ*, without any attempt to continue the subject" (Marshall).

APPENDIX

"The Curst Wife lapped in Morel's Skin"

The social condition of England in Shakespeare's day was rude and in many respects cruel and brutal. The general position of woman was that of a domestic drudge or slave. It was the age of the ducking-stool and the branks, or scolding bridle, and these means of punishment for shrews and scolds were in frequent use.

The literature of the time shows that stories like that of *The Taming of the Shrew* were common and very popular — at least with the *men*, and the men of the better classes as well as those of the lower.

One of the most notable of these productions which has come down to our time, and which some critics have supposed that Shakespeare had in mind in the composition of the play, was a poem entitled "A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morel's Skin for her Good Behaviour" — that is, to teach her better behaviour. Only two or three copies of the poem have survived the lapse of time. It was first printed without date, but about 1550 or 1560, and several editions were published. As proof of its popularity with the gentlemen of the day, I may refer to the mention of it in Laneham's celebrated description of the Kenilworth pageant of 1575 in honour of Elizabeth's visit to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. He says it was one of the stories which Captain Cox had "at his fingers' ends."

The heroine of the story was the daughter of a shrewish mother, and we are told that she was

> "As curst as her mother in worde and deede,
> Which caused her fathers heart to bleede;

For he was woe and nothing glad,
And of her would fayne be rid:
He wished to God that some man her had,
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid."

She had for some time no wooers, though many came to court her younger sister, who was "meeke and gentle" and finally accepts one of her suitors. Later a young man appears who wants the elder sister. The father honestly warns him that he will be sorry if he marries her: —

"She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,
Moste like a Fiend, this is no nay:
Her mother doth teach her, withouten layne [disguise],
To be mayster of her husband another day.
If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,
Her mother thou shouldest have alway in thy top:
By night and day that shouldest vex thee,
Which sore would sticke thee then in thy crop;"

and so on for three stanzas more, ending with —

"It weare great pitty, thou wert forelore [forlorn]
With such a devillishe Fende of hell."

But the man, like Petruchio, declares that he will risk the match, though the father discourages him still, ending at last with the warning: —

"Remember what I sayd to thee before,
And beware of repentaunce another day."

He goes to the mother with "manners demure," asking her consent to woo her "dere daughter so fayre and pure." The dame "thanked him for his good will," and asked the daughter

"If that she could fynde in her minde,
With all her harte to love that yong man,
So that he to her would be kinde."

The maid promptly accepts him, though with an eye to the main chance : —

> " Me thinke he is a lusty blood,
> *But goodes there must be withouten misse.*"

Luckily the young man, though " not riche of Gold nor fee," has " a good Crafte " and is fairly well-to-do.

They were duly wedded, and " the mother was right glad ; "

> " But alway her Fathers heart was cold,
> When he remembred what might befall
> Of this yong Daughter, that was so bold;
> He could nothing be merry at all,
> But moned the yong man full many a fold."

He regards the bridegroom as " worse than mad," but philosophically consoles himself with the thought that " the deede is done, no remedy there is."

The couple soon begin to quarrel, though the husband is represented as very indulgent and patient until he decides that he can endure the shrewishness no longer. He leaves his house for a time, hoping that separation may bring his wife to her senses; but when he returns he finds her as bad as ever, " for like a dog she rated him then ; "

> " Saying thus, I set no store
> By thee, thou wretch, thou arte no man :
> Get thee hence out of my sight,
> For meate nor drink thou gettest none heare;
> I sweare to thee by Mary bright,
> Of me thou gettest here no good cheare."

This is too much for his patience : —

> " Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell
> To doe that thing that I were loath."

So he takes her into the cellar, where they have a lively fight before he conquers her : —

"They wrestled togyther thus they two,
So long that the clothes asunder went,
And to the grounde he threw her tho,
That cleane from her backe her smock he rent."

Then he beats her with "byrchen roddes" till "on the grounde the bloud was seene" and she falls in a swoon; after which he wraps her in the salted hide stripped from his old horse Morel, which had just died.

"With that her moode began to sinke,
And sayd, deare husband, for grace I call;
For I shall never sleepe nor winke
Till I get your love, whatso befall:
And I will never to you offend,
In no maner of wise, of all my lyve;
Nor to do nothing that may pretend
To displease you with my wittes fyve."

He asks her if she thinks she will ever need a repetition of the discipline: —

"How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne
Have such businesse more? to her he sayd.
She aunswered nay, my husband deare,
Whyle I you know, and you know me,
Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,
Fulfil alway in every degree.
. . . . .
Then was he glad, and thought in his minde,
Now have I done my selfe great good,
And her also, we shall it finde,
Though I have shed parte of her blood."

After she has recovered from the consequences of the taming, he invites her parents and many of the neighbours to a feast, that they may see how complete is the reform.

"Father and mother was welcome then,
And so were they all, in good fay [faith].

The husband sate there like a man,
The wyfe did serve them all that day;
The good man commaunded what he would have,
The wyfe was quick at hand.
What now! thought the mother, this arrant knave
Is mayster as I understand.
What may this meane, then she gan thinke,
That my daughter so dilligent is?
Now can I nother eate nor drinke
Till I it know, by heaven blisse."

So she follows her daughter into the kitchen, and says to her: —

"Daughter, thou shalte well understand,
I did not teach thee after this guyse.

A [ay], good mother! ye say full well,
All thinges with me is not as ye weene:
If ye had bene in Morels fell
As well as I, it should be seene.
In Morels fell! What devill is that?
Mary [marry] mother, I will it you show;
But beware that you come not thereat,
Lest you yourself then doe beshrew [curse].

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,
And Morels skin there shall you see,
With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,
When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.
The mother this beheld, and cryed out alas!
And ran out of the seller as she had been wood [mad];
She came to the table where the company was,
And sayd, out, horeson! I will see thy harte blood.

Peace, good mother! or so have blisse,
Ye must daunce else as did my wyfe,
And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is,
Which you should repent all the dayes of youre lyfe.
All they that were there held with the yong man,
And sayd, he dyd well in every maner degree.

Whan dynner was done, they departed all than [then],
The mother no longer durst there be.

The Father abode last, and was full glad,
And gave his children his blessyng ywys [I wis],
Saying, the yong man full well done had,
And merely departed wythouten mys [miss].
This yong man was glad ye may be sure,
That he had brought hys wyfe to this.
God gyve us all grace in rest to indure,
And hereafter to come unto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne [flayed] out of his skin,
To charme a shrew, so have I blisse.
Forgeve the yongman, if he did sin,
But I thinke he did nothing amisse:
He did all thing even for the best,
As was well prooved then.
God save our wives from Morels nest,
I pray you say all, amen.

Thus endeth the jest of Morels skin,
Where the curst wife was lapped in;
Because she was of a shrewde leere,
Thus was she served in this maner [mannéer].

FINIS, QUOTH MAYSTER CHARME HER

"*He that can charme a shrewde wyfe*
Better then thus,
Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,
And a golden purse."

Thus concludes the poem, which has about one hundred and fifty eight-line stanzas. The author of it is unknown. "Mayster Charme her," as he calls himself, is of course a pseudonym. The extracts I have given are from the careful reprint in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library* (1875), vol. iv. p. 416 fol.

Shakespeare's Share in the Play

Professor Tolman (see p. 10 above) decides that the following parts of the play are Shakespearian: ii. 1. 115–320 (212 lines); iii. 2. 89–125, 186–241 (93 lines); iv. 1 (214 lines); iv. 3 (198 lines); iv. 5 (79 lines); v. 2. 1–181 (181 lines). Total, 977 lines (Globe ed. numbering).

This agrees substantially with the verdict of Mr. Fleay and Dr. Furnivall, except that both of these critics add iii. 2. 151–185, which, as I have said (p. 192 above), I am satisfied that Professor Tolman is right in rejecting.

The Induction, as most of the critics agree, is also Shakespeare's; and this (285 lines) added to the portions of the play proper, assigned to Shakespeare above, makes a grand total of 1262 lines out of 2648 in the play, or nearly one-half of the whole.

The Time–Analysis of the Play

I give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis," in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–1879, p. 168), with some explanatory extracts from the preceding pages inserted in brackets.

"In this Play we have six days represented on the stage; or if Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day, then five days only, with intervals, the length of which it is not easy to determine, but the entire period cannot exceed a fortnight.

"Day 1. Act I.

"Day 2. Act II. [It is the *dinner* and the *afternoon* referred to at the end of Act I. sc. ii. which have induced me to mark Act II. as the second day of the action; otherwise there is nothing to prevent Acts I. and II. being considered as one day only; indeed, Petruchio's resolve to see Katherine *before he sleeps* is in favour of

one day, and would be conclusive but for the *afternoon's* carouse proposed by Tranio.]

Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.

"Day 3. Act III. sc. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.

"Day 4. Act III. sc. ii., Act IV. sc. i. Sunday, the wedding-day. [Act IV. sc. i. ends the wedding-day at night at Petruchio's country-house. After balking Katherine of her wedding dinner, and now of her supper, he conducts her to her chamber, and then returns to the stage to inform the audience that 'Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.' How did he know that she did not sleep *last* night? This is the first night of their wedding. They cannot have spent a night on the road, for the distance from Padua is no more than may be traversed between dinner and supper-time. See Act IV. sc. iii.]

Interval [?]

"Day 5. Act IV. sc. ii. [It is not easy to fix the exact date of this scene. I have marked it as a separate day, and it may be the morrow of Katherine's marriage, or it may be two or three days after that event, or it *might* even be supposed to occur on the afternoon of the day of Katherine's wedding; though in this last case we must put it back in time to precede sc. i. of this Act, which would scarcely be a desirable arrangement.]

Interval [?]

"Day 6. Act IV. sc. iii. [Petruchio's house. Katherine is well-nigh famished, and Gremio torments her with offers of food. Petruchio brings in her meat, which, on submission, she is allowed to eat. Note that this and all the remaining scenes of the play are included in one day, and that this day must be — if any regard is to be paid to Baptista's programme — the Sunday following Katherine's wedding-day. She can't have been a whole week without food, and yet somehow we get an impression that this is the first meat she has tasted in Petruchio's house. The tailor and the haberdasher bring the wares which have been ordered by Gremio.

This incident supposes the lapse of some days since the marriage-day. Petruchio now determines to return to Baptista's house. The scene closes (see line 185) at 2 P.M.] iv. and v., and Act V. [? The second Sunday.]

"Time, however, in this Play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old Play of the *Taming of a Shrew* the whole story is knit up in the course of two days. In the first, Ferando (= Petruchio) wooes Kate and fixes his marriage for next Sunday; 'next Sunday' then becomes to-morrow, to-morrow becomes to-day, and to-day ends with the wedding-night in Ferando's country-house. All the rest of the Play is included in the second day."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Sly: ind. 1(10), 2(54); i. 1(4). Whole no. 68.

Lord: ind. 1(106), 2(31). Whole no. 137.

1st Huntsman: ind. 1(9). Whole no. 9.

2d Huntsman: ind. 1(3). Whole no. 3.

1st Servant: ind. 1(2), 2(14); i 1(1). Whole no. 17.

2d Servant: ind. 2(12). Whole no. 12.

3d Servant: ind. 2(12). Whole no. 12.

Other Servants: iii. 1(3); iv. 1(1). Whole no. 4.

Player: ind. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

Messenger: ind. 2(8). Whole no. 8.

Baptista: i. 1(23); ii. 1(70); iii. 2(36); iv. 4(20); v. 1(14), 2(12). Whole no. 175.

Vincentio: iv. 5(9); v. 1(40), 2(2). Whole no. 51.

Lucentio: i. 1(92), 2(7); iii. 1(28), 2(6); iv. 2(5), 4(11); v. 1(16), 2(25). Whole no. 190.

Petruchio: i. 2(78); ii. 1(162); iii. 2(62); iv. 1(72), 3(88), 5(42); v. 1(18), 2(63). Whole no. 585.

Gremio: i. 1(27), 2(39); ii. 1(56); iii. 2(34); v. 1(13), 2(3). Whole no. 172.

Hortensio: i. 1(30), 2(78); ii. 1(15); iii. 1(29); iv. 2(25), 3(11), 5(8); v. 2(17). Whole no. 213.

Tranio: i. 1(63), 2(34); ii. 1(46); iii. 2(42); iv. 2(66), 4(27); v. 1(13), 2(4). Whole no. 295.

Biondello: i. 1(6), 2(2); iii. 2(47); iv. 2(8), 4(30); v. 1(20), 2(5). Whole no. 118.

Pedant: iv. 2(15), 4(21); v. 1(18). Whole no. 54.

Grumio: i. 2(49); iii. 2(2); iv. 1(98), 3(38). Whole no. 187.

Curtis: iv. 1(32). Whole no. 32.

Nathaniel: iv. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

Philip: iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.

Joseph: iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.

Nicholas: iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.

Peter: iv. 1(2). Whole no. 2.

Haberdasher: iv. 3(1). Whole no. 1.

Tailor: iv. 3(18). Whole no. 18.

Page: ind. 2(15); i. 1(1). Whole no. 16.

Katherina: i. 1(13); ii. 1(52); iii. 2(30); iv. 1(3), 3(45). 5(22); v. 1(4), 2(51). Whole no. 220.

Bianca: i. 1(4); ii. 1(16); iii. 1(33), 2(1); iv. 2(6); v. 1(2), 2(8). Whole no. 70.

Widow: v. 2(11). Whole no. 11.

"*All*": ind. 2(1); iv. 1(1). Whole no. 2.

Hostess: ind. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: ind. 1(138), 2(147); i. 1(259), 2(282); ii. 1(412); iii. 1(92), 2(254); iv. 1(214), 2(120), 3(198), 4(109), 5(79); v. 1(155), 2(189). Whole number of lines in the play, 2648.

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